

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR CHARLES A. BRIGGS—HOW HE IS REGARDED BY HIS STUDENTS.

SEE THE STRANGE STORY OF VISCOUNT HINTON, WHO TURNS ORGAN-GRINDER.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—AT WORK ON THE DOME OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

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"MODERATE DRINKING."

THE medical symposium on "moderate drinking," in FRANK LESLIE'S (April 14th), is an important document, for it indicates the views of nearly one-quarter of the medical profession of New York City on this question, and shows that more than two-thirds of them believe in "moderate drinking."

In view of the terrible prevalence of drunkenness, and of the fact that "moderation" is the only road to drunkenness, such a document, authoritatively implying that the latest data of science are in favor of "moderate drinking," cannot fail to strengthen popular belief in the drink, and a closer inquiry into its merits is therefore both timely and proper.

Though the FRANK LESLIE query to physicians limits "moderate drinking" to "light wines and beer," and asks "whether, viewing the question theoretically and in the light of experience," they "regard the moderate use of light wines and beer as injurious to the health of grown persons," most of the published replies pass beyond these bounds, many of them even mixing up "moderation" and medication.

It is a pity this question was not more definitely drawn. "Moderate use" is not a scientific term, for it cannot scientifically be defined, and therefore not scientifically considered. Among the fifty-eight "typical" abstracts from the four hundred and thirty-five letters in favor of "moderate drinking," there are some which point out this weakness. Thus, for example, Dr. C. B. Atkinson says "Moderation presents a constantly varying proposition"; Dr. O. Fullgraff: "Every man must be his own judge"; and Dr. D. M. Camman: "It will vary somewhat in different persons and conditions of the body." This term, therefore, of "moderate use" largely begs the whole question. Some of the doctors, however, for example, J. W. Greene, R. Ormsby, and E. Eliot, restrict moderation to Dr. Anstie's "dietetic dose." Then the expression "light wines and beer" is most indefinite; the quantity and quality of alcohol as well as other noxious ingredients in such beverages forming a constantly varying factor. But granting even that such moderation (could it be defined) would be harmless to the health of grown people—it is admitted to be bad for the young—as the young copy the habits of the grown up, so they would largely have passed beyond moderation before moderation became prescribable. Lastly, a scientific definition of the term "health" is also necessary to this discussion, for surely "health" involves moral and mental integrity as well as mere physical vigor.

This indefiniteness of the question probably somewhat accounts for the scarcity of eminent signatures in these lists of replies. Therefore it is not altogether surprising that such men as Abraham Jacobi, A. L. Loomis, Francis Delafield, Andrew H. Smith, William H. Draper, Thomas A. Emmet, Mary Putnam Jacobi, George H. Fox, D. Lewis, T. M. Prudden, E. G. Janeway, Everett Herrick, D. B. Delaven, Charles L. Dana, O. B. Douglas, Robert Abbé, and others, have left this question unanswered; while on the other hand, it is surprising to find that among those who have replied, such men as J. R. Leaming, D. B. St. John Roosa, S. Baruch, H. J. Garruges, C. H. Knight, H. Cheeseman, E. Eliot, W. M. McLaury, W. J. Morton, and P. B. Porter should so carelessly have thrown the weight of their names in favor of "moderate drinking." However, among the four hundred and thirty-five moderationists there are not more than twenty-five, or at most thirty, names of any prominence within the profession; there are more of ordinary good standing, but most of those men who have but a third or fourth-rate standing, and whose names are found only in the general "Medical Directory."

Among the fifty-eight "typical" abstracts a majority are of this character. And some of these replies are reckless almost beyond belief; such as, for example, by old Dr. Drescher: "I have been smoking good tobacco and drinking anything good to drink all my life long;" by Dr. R. H. Buck: "The use of beer and wine leads to chivalry, good-fellowship, and health;" by Dr. L. Ettinger: "The fruity taste of wines creates a decided distaste for whisky, especially in excess;" by Dr. E. Elsner: "The death-rate in the German army, at the time of the French-German war of 1870-71, in the line of zymotic diseases, was so small in consequence of the abundant use of fermented

beverages" (beer a prophylactic against zymosis!!!); and by Branch Clark: "Light wines and beer are conducive to health and sobriety. . . . I treat the alcohol habit with malted liquors." Some of them betray gross ignorance of both organic and physical chemistry. Dr. C. B. Atkinson, for example, intimates that as grape juice ferments in the stomach, so it must become alcohol. (Not even in diabetes are the saccharine albuminates changed into alcohol.) Dr. E. Knight states that "the grapes in the Holy Land having ripened, do ferment themselves," and if partaken of, intoxicate. Fruit fermentation means rotting—no sane person eats rotting grapes. Dr. E. Knight must think that in the Holy Land grapes can be sound and rotten at the same time. Dr. W. L. Allen holds that as alcohol is a hydrocarbon, therefore it must be a food; ergo, as the Methane series of gases are hydro-carbons, therefore they are foods, and as alcohol is food, therefore paraffin, being an alcohol, is food also!

Dr. W. Washburn says that alcohol is a food, and declares that "it acts so nearly like a food that in combination with other foods it is unquestionably beneficial to their assimilation." Authorities on poison, such as Orfila, Christison, and the "Materia Medica," in all lands, put alcohol among poisons, and class it with arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, and other like—*foods!* In his celebrated "Physiological Chemistry" Dr. Liemann says that alcoholic liquors "are not capable of contributing to the maintenance of the vital functions." Dr. Eliot's reason for placing his honored name among advocates of moderate drinking is his belief in the long-since exploded fallacy of Dr. Anstie's "dietetic dose" of "one and a half ounce of alcohol per day." Indeed, Dr. Anstie himself disproved his own theory. In "Stimulants and Narcotics" (p. 187) Dr. Anstie relates the effects of an experiment upon himself, with only one-half of the so-called "dietetic dose," and says that it was "so small that I should not have beforehand supposed it capable of producing the poisonous results," but "they were fully developed. . . the face felt hot and was visibly flushed, pulse eighty-two full and bounding, slight perspiration on the brow"—and the seriousness of such symptoms he further points out (p. 218) thus: "Even a single truly narcotic dose very probably produces a real physical damage to the nervous tissue which absolutely requires a certain time for repair." The recent most careful and exhaustive experiments on protoplasm, and on both plants and animals and men, by Drs. Nichol and Mossop of Edinburgh, Drs. Scougal of New Mill, and Ridge of Enfield, England, as regards the effects of alcoholic fluids on the senses, while using only one-quarter of the "dietetic dose," demonstrate that there is no such thing as "moderate drinking" without serious injury to the senses. Now, *considering that the physician and surgeon more than any other trustees of human life and happiness require unimpaired senses, abstinence from intoxicants should be made obligatory on the whole medical profession, by law.*

Some prominent physicians, like Drs. W. M. McLaury, E. Wendt, and E. Bradley, pronounce alcohol a stimulant. But surely, Dr. McLaury, if alcohol were a stimulant, a goad, a spur, lash, you would not give it to a "poor anaemic woman, overburdened with work?" If alcohol were a stimulant, would it not make her more, instead of less, susceptible to her pitiful condition and surroundings?

The statement by Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, that the moderate use of alcoholic liquors "is positively beneficial to most middle-aged and old people," is simply disgraceful, and, owing to his eminent position, is likely to do more harm than all the wrong statements of the rest put together. In the face of the declaration of the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia, 1876, that alcohol should be classed among drugs, and that even as a medicine it is "not fitted for self-prescription by the laity"; and of the last declaration by the medical profession of New York and Brooklyn, that "alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs and prescribed with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility"; and further, that they "would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and national—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences and mechanism," and signed by some two hundred mostly prominent physicians, such as F. Delafield, Willard Parker, A. Clark, J. Anderson, S. Smith, etc.,—in face of such dicta as these, men of Dr. Roosa's standing cannot guiltlessly pronounce moderate drinking to be "positively beneficial."

A number of the symposium signers point to the wine and beer-drinking countries for practical proof of their assertions that moderate indulgence is harmless, and makes for health and sobriety. But what are the facts? The two countries having the lightest and cheapest beers and wines, viz., Belgium and France, are to-day the most drunken in the world!

This medical declaration, therefore, when scientifically and practically considered, brings little weight and light to the solution of the drink-problem; a problem so terribly serious, and so pressing, as to make any utterance upon it at all a matter of the gravest responsibility, and careless authoritative utterance little short of criminal.

Arch. Sustaforn

THE SCHEMING MALCONTENTS.

THE malcontents who seek to defeat President Harrison's renomination have been dragging all the political pools within their reach for some gudgeon who is willing to serve their uses as a candidate for the Presidency. It is said that, with an insolent air of proprietorship, they have presumed to offer the candidacy to Secretary Blaine, Senator Sherman, Governor McKinley, and to other distinguished men, any one of whom would be, under ordinary conditions, an acceptable leader of the party. But none of these gentlemen seems to have nibbled at the bait, and at this writing it looks as if the conspirators will be compelled to content themselves with some third-rate opposing candidate, if indeed they succeed in finding any candidate at all. As for Secretary Blaine, there can be no doubt that he could have the party nomination for the asking, but he has steadily resisted the pressure to which he has been exposed to reconsider his determination not to be a candidate, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that he would consent, under any circumstances, to bear the party standard in the coming contest. He understands perfectly well the motives which influence most of those who are now so urgent for his candidacy, and he is too wise a man, even if there were no other determining considerations, to allow himself to become the cat's-paw of men who are not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes.

Nearly every one of these persons was against Mr. Blaine when he was really a candidate; and their present solicitude for his candidacy has not in it one particle of honest friendship. Their motives are altogether selfish and disreputable. If they could only effect Mr. Blaine's nomination for the first place, with some man of their choosing, and whom they could use, for the Vice-Presidency, they would be quite willing, if not indeed delighted, to see Mr. Blaine killed in the excitement of the canvass; and there are some people who suspect that this is really what they are driving at in their persistent efforts to induce him to run.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S SCHOOL POLICY.

THE announcement of the Papal approval of Archbishop Ireland's so-called Faribault plan of education has been accepted in some quarters as indicative of the abandonment by the Catholic Church of the parochial school system, heretofore so vigorously and persistently maintained. The Faribault plan, it will be remembered, grew out of peculiar conditions in Minnesota. The Roman Catholics, being unable to support a certain parochial school established by them, turned it over to the full control of the local board of education, agreeing to submit themselves in every respect to the authority of the board, on the simple conditions that the Catholic teachers should be retained, and that no religious instruction should be given except after school hours. The proposition was accepted, and the school has since been carried on satisfactorily. The same plan was adopted in another town in Archbishop Ireland's diocese. From the start, however, the plan has been vigorously opposed by the extreme Catholics, on the ground that it is un-Catholic, since it precludes giving religious and secular instruction at the same time. Finally the matter was carried to Rome by Archbishop Ireland. After a full examination in Special Congregation of the Propaganda, it was decided that the arrangement entered into concerning the Minnesota schools, taking into consideration all the circumstances, may be tolerated; but with the decision is coupled the specific declaration "that the decree of the Council of Baltimore, that the only system for Catholics in the United States is the parochial, is not to be 'derogated.'"

It will thus be seen that the principle of the Faribault plan has really been condemned. It is tolerated in this case, but not sanctioned as a system for general practice. The Romish Church is conspicuously tenacious upon this question of education, and it will not recede from it without a struggle. At the same time, the action of the Pope in this particular case may be prophetic of the ultimate broadening of the church policy as to this general question in the United States. There is a strong and growing liberal element in the Romish Church which earnestly desires to bring the church into closer conformity to American thought and tendencies, and this element will undoubtedly take courage from the success which has attended Archbishop Ireland's wise and sagacious effort. It is certainly to be hoped that the battle so persistently waged between the friends of the parochial system and the supporters of absolutely non-sectarian public schools may at no distant day find pause in the adoption of a policy fully in harmony with the spirit of our institutions.

ABUSES OF THE JURY SYSTEM.

It is becoming a serious question whether grand and petit juries, as now constituted in many places, can be relied upon to protect the community from acts of violence and crimes against social order. In a recent trial in this city in which there was a melancholy miscarriage of justice, the presiding judge declared that "the jury box has become a nursery for crimes" of a certain sort, and that as a result they are growing in numbers and in extent. We hear like complaints from other cities, where juries, refusing to act upon evidence and going outside of it to find

excuses for criminals, have greatly encouraged the commission of crime. The responsibility for this condition of affairs lies very often with those who are charged with drawing juries, and who exercise their authority in the interest of the criminal classes rather than for the welfare of the public at large. Thus we find that in Philadelphia persons of disreputable character have been substituted for others who were drawn on grand juries, the fraud being so cleverly managed as for a time to defy detection. In Jersey City, across the river, four or five persons of high character who were originally drawn as members of an important grand jury were never notified, the sheriff or his assistants substituting the names of other persons of irresponsible character, who actually served in place of those lawfully drawn. The purpose of this unique scheme was to shelter persons who were likely to be arraigned for criminal practices, and who were partners in political and other jobbery of the "ring" controlling the sheriff's office.

It goes without saying that unless we can secure integrity in the ministers of the law, and prevent the selection of juries with reference to preventing indictments and convictions, there can be no security against offenders, and immunity from deserved punishment will become the general rule. Obviously the first thing to be done is to bring some of the dishonest officials to book for their infidelity in office. If a few examples of this sort could be made, probably a cure might be effected. But there must also be an elevation of the standard of qualification in the selection of juries. It is idle to expect the best results where, in this selection, a premium is put upon stupidity at the expense of intelligence. The subject is one of such grave importance that it should receive the attention of all our courts, and public opinion should be brought to bear upon it, to the end that an honest and faithful enforcement of the laws may be attained, and the rights, persons, and properties of the people made secure.

DEMOCRATS REBUKED.

SENATOR GORMAN, of Maryland, recently administered a deserved rebuke to the pinchbeck "economists" of his party who have gabbled so profusely about Republican extravagance, and made such ostentatious pretense of reducing the public expenditures. Mr. Gorman frankly admitted that the expenditures of the present session would and must exceed those of the first session of the so-called "Billion Congress." Retrenchment on the lines proposed by the "economists" was an impossibility. Existing laws would require the appropriation of from \$480,000,000 to \$500,000,000 for the proper support of the government, and if the Democratic House thought it could go to the country on the assertion that it had reduced expenditures it was sadly mistaken. Mr. Gorman showed further that with the growth of the country the public expenditures must in the nature of the case increase, and he declared that he for one would not for any mere partisan reason stand in the way of the national development. Senator Gorman is not the only Democrat who realizes that his party in Congress is making up a record upon which it cannot maintain itself before the country. The blunders of which the majority have been guilty are tersely stated by a prominent Democratic Congressman in an interview with a *Tribune* correspondent:

"In a period of less than six months we have squandered all the capital with which we began the session and are rapidly losing our credit. If the session lasts until September the majority will be likely to find itself 'on its uppers,' so to speak, in my humble opinion. Just look at it. We promised to revise the tariff—to pass a bill which would show the country that we meant what we said when we denounced the McKinley tariff and reciprocity; and we have contented ourselves with a few feeble attempts at hole-punching. This popgun policy has brought us into contempt. We denounced subsidies and bounties, and I am not aware that we have passed or even attempted to pass a bill against either. We promised to pass a bill for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and after going just far enough to show that a majority wanted to redeem the promise, we finked. We pledged ourselves to economy and assured the country that we would rebuke by our acts the wild and reckless extravagance of the 'Billion Congress.' I believe we have saved a few dollars on soap at the Military Academy and fuel at the National Museum, but we have passed the biggest, most profligate River and Harbor bill ever known, and the sum total of our appropriations to date exceeds that of the first session of the 'Billion Congress' for the same purposes. And so it goes. We have done and are doing the very things which we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things which we were pledged to do."

THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

We expect, as a mere matter of course, that offenses against property and life shall be punished with such severity that the administration of the law will exert a deterrent influence upon the criminal classes and upon those ill-regulated characters who permit themselves to be carried away by passion. But however many laws there be placed upon the statute-books making it either a misdemeanor or a felony to adulterate the food that is sold in public stores and markets, we do not insist as vigorously as we should on the enforcement of these laws, intended at once to protect both property and life.

The United States Agricultural Department is doing a most excellent work in collecting and publishing the facts in regard to the adulteration of foods and in lending its assistance to State and other local officials who have not the means with which to constantly inspect and analyze the various foods sold to the public. This beneficent interfer-

ence of the general government in an effort to suppress swindling and attempts upon the public health is looked upon by some Democratic constructionists of the Constitution as an infraction of the law and an invasion of the rights of the people. This is not only sheer nonsense, looked at merely in its legal aspects, but it is a silly and a dangerous theory to advocate, because if it were held seriously by a majority of the people it would mean that the suppression of crime and the punishment of criminals would be made much more difficult.

At this moment more than one-seventh of the food consumed by the people in the United States is adulterated. It is true that the greater part of the adulterated food has not been so treated that in its impure form it is dangerous to health. But it is a plain and indefensible fraud upon consumers that it should be adulterated at all. This is downright stealing. Say a person buys five pounds of food for one dollar, and that the food is not what it is represented to be but is something else, that ought to have been sold for thirty cents, that purchaser is robbed just as much as if the merchant had picked his pocket in a horse-car. In the aggregate this kind of swindling amounts annually to seven hundred million dollars. But there is a worse phase. Many of the adulterants used are dangerously poisonous. This is the case with many foods consumed, and even more notably with beers and liquors. Medicines are so frequently tampered with that some careful and conscientious physicians insist on either furnishing the drugs they prescribe or naming the apothecary who shall fill the prescriptions.

When these things are known—and they are accessible to any one who will examine the reports of the Department of Agriculture—there is but one course to pursue. An informed public opinion must insist that the laws on the statute-books shall be enforced and the guilty persons, who in their greed for gain have neither conscience nor scruple, shall be punished to the full extent that the law allows. They will be but getting their just deserts, and it is only in this way that these grievous crimes against property and life can be made too hazardous to engage in.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It turns out that the Democratic factions in Louisiana will not, after all, carry their dissensions into the coming Presidential canvass. They seem to have made up their minds that the safety of the party demands a consolidation of interests, and it is to be presumed, therefore, that we shall have the old spectacle of wholesale cheating and fraud, and the usual disfranchisement of those colored voters who are unwilling to support the Democratic ticket.

A CONTEMPORARY makes the announcement that if President Harrison is renominated the Republican campaign in New York will pass into new hands. This is another reason why this renomination should be made. If the Republican party of New York needs anything it needs a transfer of leadership. The committees which have undertaken to manage its affairs during the last few years have achieved conspicuity only by leading it to defeat. Let us have a change.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that our advocacy of the renomination of President Harrison is due to the fact that a member of his family is connected with this newspaper. It is sufficient to say, in reply to this impertinent suggestion, that we are in the habit of doing our own thinking and determining our course of action without reference to any such interested considerations as our correspondent hints at. We beg to add, however, that no member of the Harrison family is connected with this newspaper, or has been for a considerable period of time. We favor Mr. Harrison's renomination because he has shown himself to be a broad-minded and patriotic ruler, and because we believe that, standing upon the record he has made, he will prove an invincible candidate before the country. We trust that our correspondent will be able to see the matter as we do, but if he should not it will be all the worse for our correspondent.

A BILL to exclude political influence from the sixty-one thousand fourth-class post-offices in the country is to be reported in the House of Representatives. It provides for the division of the country into postal districts, and that where vacancies occur open competition shall be announced by post-office inspectors, who shall recommend the best men to the Postmaster-General, after receiving all the applications and examining all the facts. Congressmen and other officials are forbidden to make any recommendation, or to interfere in any way with appointments; and appointments and removals on distinctively political grounds are prohibited. In the acutely partisan temper of the times such a measure as this may not command the support of Congress, but there can be no doubt at all that the efficiency of the public service would be promoted if the principle which it embodies could be introduced into all official employments.

THE action of the Bar Association of New York City in condemning the disreputable course of Judge Maynard in

connection with the Legislative steal of last winter has provoked a like declaration from the members of the Bar of Buffalo, one hundred and twelve of whom have signed a letter expressive of their approval of the New York deliverance. There is no doubt at all that the great body of the legal profession in the State at large entertain the views expressed by the New York and Buffalo Bars. Every high-minded lawyer is jealous of the honor of his profession and of the integrity of the judicial office. That Judge Maynard has not displayed this high regard for his profession only goes to show how utterly unfit he is for the place he occupies. He may be able to hold on to his position in spite of the fact that he is an object of contempt to the great majority of those who may be called upon to appear professionally before him, but he can never recover the popular confidence or esteem.

THE terrible Johnstown disaster, by which so many lives were lost and such immense destruction done to property, is recalled by the announcement that the relief commission appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania, and which had the direction of the distribution of aid, has just closed its work by a final disposition of the surplus funds on hand. These funds amounted to about \$30,000, and were appropriated for purposes in harmony with the general work of the commission. Among the items appropriated were \$25,000 toward the building and equipment of a hospital in Johnstown, and \$4,000 to the erection of a monument to the unknown dead, of whom there are about eight hundred. The total amount received by the commission and distributed was \$2,966,384, of which \$613,000 was received through the Philadelphia relief committee and \$516,199 through the similar committee of New York. This sum of nearly three million dollars represents the popular sympathy with the sufferers from one of the most terrible calamities of modern times.

THE Methodist General Conference, recently held at Omaha, took strong ground in favor of the proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the several States from passing laws respecting the establishment of religion, and appropriating public moneys for sectarian purposes. This branch of the Christian church has always been conspicuous for its advocacy of a complete separation of church and state, and for its jealous interest in the absolutely non-sectarian character of our public school system. The conference manifested the sincerity of its declarations by following them up with the adoption of a series of resolutions committing the church not to ask or receive public moneys for educational work among the Indians. It was stated during the debate on this subject that the policy of entering into contracts with the government for the education of Indians has proved to be far from satisfactory to the church at large. The Roman Catholics appear to have received under such contracts about three times the amount which has been received by all other religious denominations put together, the next highest amount having been paid to the Presbyterians. There is undoubtedly a growing conviction that this method of education is not the best that could be devised. The wiser plan would be to place all the Indian schools under direct government control.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, which has been the scene of almost every sort of entertainment from a dog show to a prize-fight under the guise of an athletic exhibition, will this summer be put to a much higher than ordinary use. During four days commencing with the 7th of July, the eleventh International Christian Endeavor Convention will have possession of the Garden. This convention will consist of twenty thousand delegates, representing all the States of the Union and the provinces of Canada. The capacity of the garden amphitheatre is sixteen thousand, and the indications are that it will not prove adequate to the demands upon it. The visiting delegates will be met as they arrive by a reception committee of four hundred members, who will be stationed in detachments at the various depots, ferries, and points of entrance into New York and Jersey City. Each State will be assigned headquarters at some first-class hotel. Some of the delegates have already secured all the available accommodations in the principal hotels, which altogether will, it is said, be able to accommodate only eight thousand people in addition to their regular trade. The remainder of the delegates will of course be accommodated in boarding-houses and private families. Special rates have been secured on all the principal railroads, and excursion parties from the near-by States will bring hundreds and thousands of delegates. It is estimated that Connecticut will be represented by 2,500, Illinois by 1,200, Massachusetts by 2,000, Pennsylvania by 2,000, and New York by 5,000. The Minneapolis convention last year was up to that time the most notable convention of the kind ever held in the country. That which is to take place here in July will exceed it greatly in numbers, and possibly in enthusiasm and practical results. The growth and development of this Christian Endeavor movement is one of the phenomenal facts of the time, and the organization is undoubtedly to-day one of the most potential factors in practical Christian work in the world.



PROFESSOR CHARLES A. BRIGGS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 286.]

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which is now in progress at Portland, Oregon, promises to be one of the most memorable in the history of the church. Issues of the utmost importance are to be decided by it. Foremost among these is the question of the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the position of Professor Charles A. Briggs and the Union Theological Seminary. The report of the revision committee will not, it is believed, prove generally satisfactory. It is thought to be too radical for the conservatives, and not sufficiently positive for the radicals. The main question in dispute is the doctrine of preterition, or the "passing by" of a certain number by the decree of God. An effort will probably be made to secure the adoption of a new consensus, which shall be used by all the Reformed churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian system.

The case of Professor Briggs will come up in two ways: First, upon the report of the committee appointed last year to consult with the directors of the Union Seminary relative to the relation existing between the Assembly and the seminary; and secondly, upon the appeal of the prosecuting committee of the New York Presbytery against the dismissal of the heresy case by that body. The probable outcome of this matter will be a divorce of the relations between the Assembly and the seminary,

and that Professor Briggs will be continued in the position which he now holds. We give elsewhere a very interesting paper descriptive of Professor Briggs's methods as a teacher, and of the relations which exist between himself and his pupils.

THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

BROOKLYN Handicap Day is always a gala occasion. It grows more popular every year. Men—and women, too—who, figuratively speaking, hardly know one horse from another, go to see the great stake events raced for, urged on by the national reputation of great racers like Longstreet, Judge Morrow, Russell, Pessara, or "Old Bones" Raceland.

The first experience of a great day like that of the 16th inst. is the struggle with the Long Island Railroad Company, and one must have the sweetest of tempers to arrive at the track unruffled and happy. One passenger suggested that the Long Island Railroad ought to give rebates for not making time, as the trunk lines do on their "limiteds." "Well, if they did," quoth another, "it would be all rebate on this road." In spite of these little drawbacks the passengers "get there" safe and sound, which is a consideration worth noting.

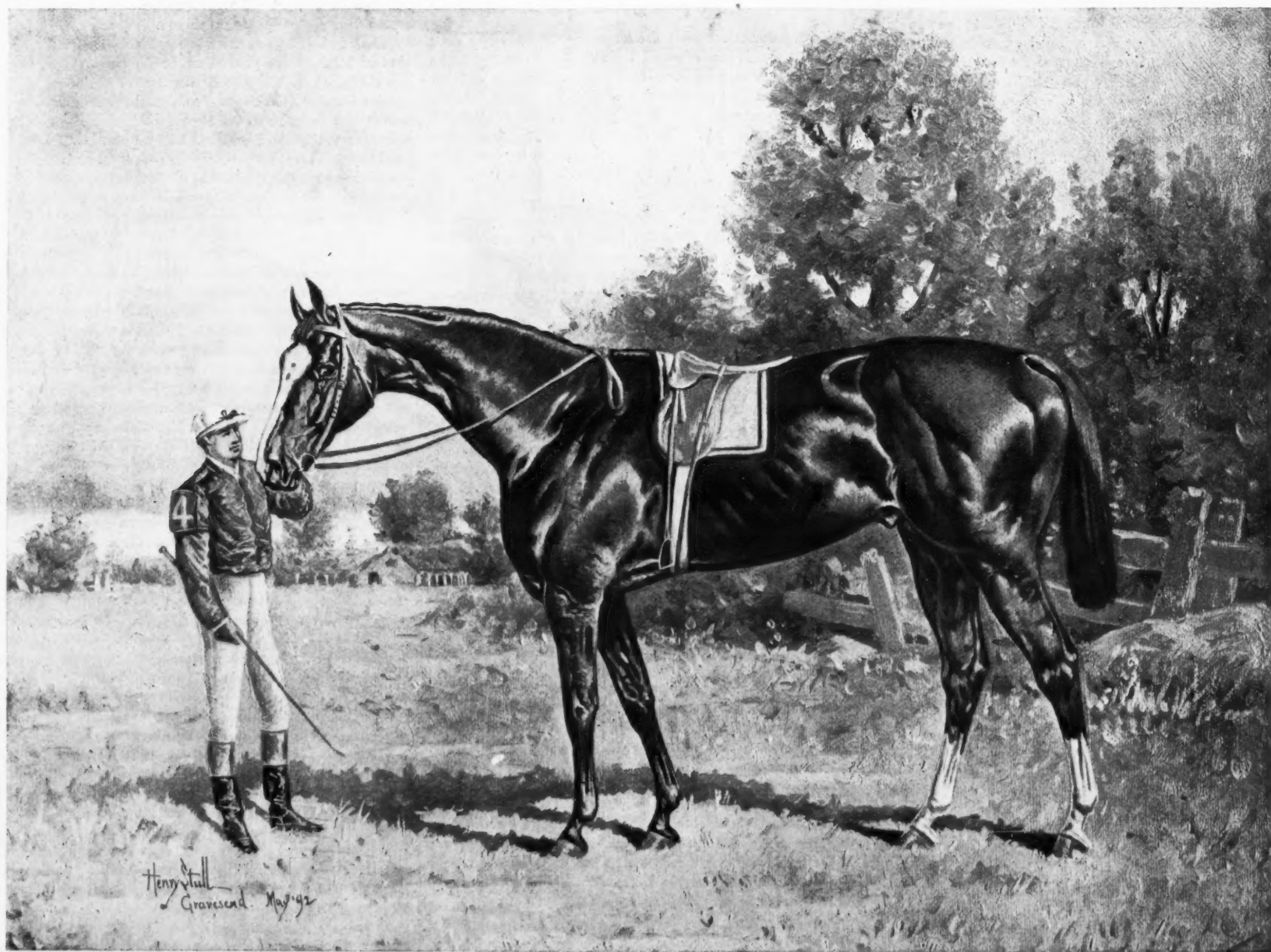
Once there, an insane fancy seems to seize one-half the gathering to throw their money away. The betting-ring outdoes any "sardine packing" ever invented. Not one man in that whole surging, seething mob ever worked as hard in his life to earn an honest dollar as he and his crazy fellows do now to gamble their money away. The book-makers shriek out their odds, and when one "bookie" goes a point higher on any horse the crowd particularly fancies, there ensues a mad rush in his direction, in which clothes are torn, people are trampled upon, and the "layer of the odds" is often swept from his stand. One of these rushes can only be understood when seen and felt.

When the great race comes off there hardly seems standing-room for flies—a great cry rises from the throats of twenty-five thousand people as the field approaches the grand-stand. There's hardly a face but what is colorless. As they race around the far turn and Fairview gradually "goes back to his horses," people hysterically inquire for "Longstreet," "Russell," "Madstone," "Pessara," or "Judge Morrow." "Russell wins!" "Russell wins!" yells at least half the crowd; but an eighth from the wire he falters, and the grandson of Vandal, Judge Morrow, sweeps by with Pessara at his throat-latch, and the Brooklyn Handicap of 1892

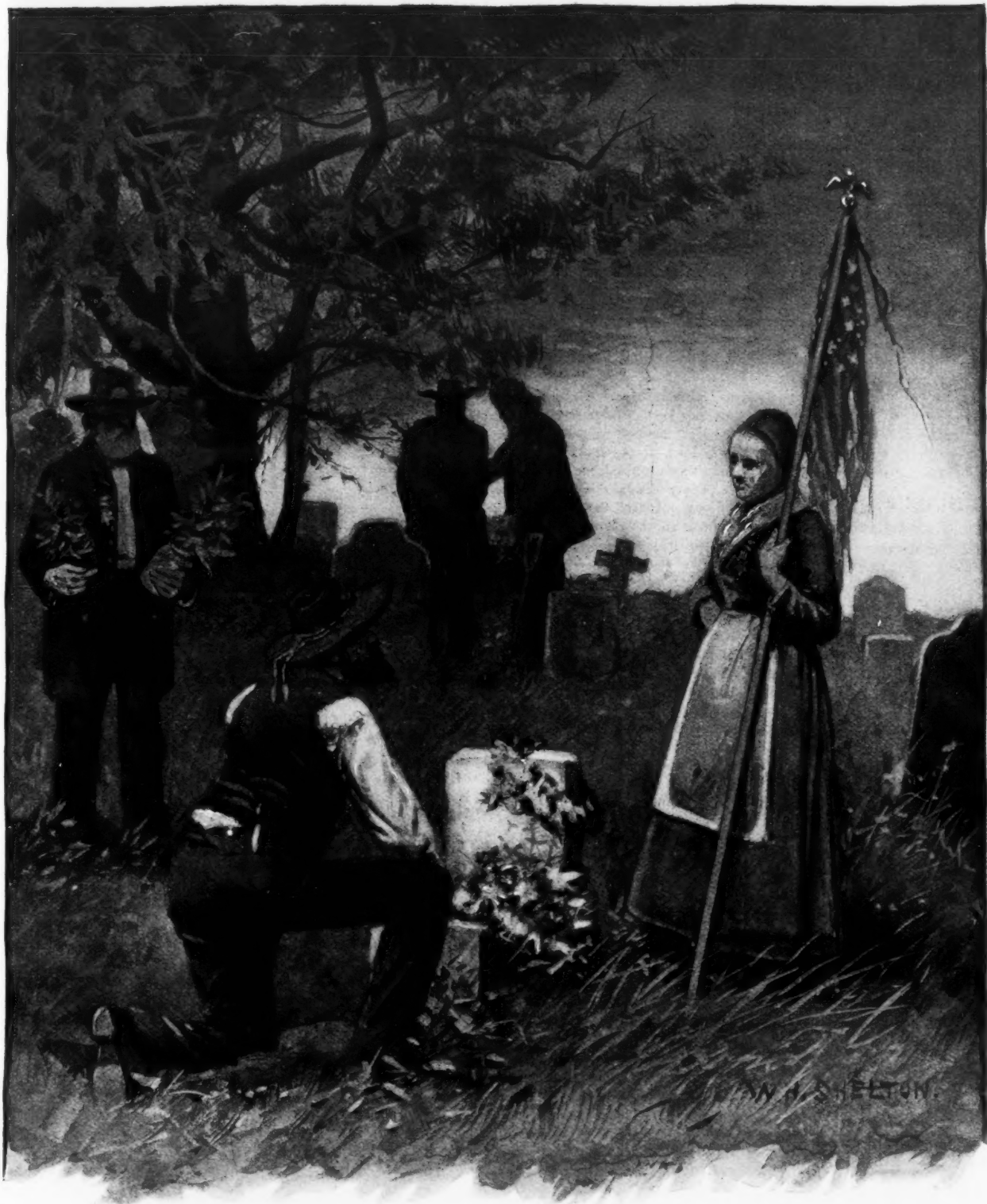


FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PORTLAND, OREGON, PLACE OF MEETING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

is run and won. Down by the judges' stand Old Green Morris is waving his hat and gesticulating, a boy once more: "That Morrow hoss, good as anybody's hoss; I told yer so!" Near by an old turfite mutters: "Give me a Vandal in the mud." Well, the track was not wet, but heavy and "cuppy" underneath. Down in Kentucky, where Vagabond lives, the sire of Judge Morrow, the "coons" will eat "pie" for a month, and \$18,000 first money will grow into a million.



OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON AT GRAVESSEND—JUDGE MORROW, WINNER OF THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.—DRAWN BY H. STULL.



"She carried the flag. . . . when we arranged the wreaths on the headstone."

"LIGHTS OUT! 'LIZ'BETH RACHAEL."

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

IT was all on account o' 'Liz'beth Rachael.

I don't look like a man as would break his heart over a woman, do I? I ax you, comrades, an' I ax you square, ef I look like I had too much sentiment into my make-up? I'm sort o' plain, humspun ole Chris' Bradley, I be; an' that's what everybody knows me fur aroun' here. Post nights and camp-fires an' meetin' a Sunday is all the dissipation I takes to—'cept when the chores is done on the farm a-nights I puts on my G. A. R. hat, an' mebbly my vest, an' goes up to the village to see the boys.

You didn't jest know 'Liz'beth Rachael, you two, an' you come a long ways to 'tend the buryin', an' I'm partic'lar obleeged to the heft o' Snyder Post as come along with ye. I kallate we sha'n't never see the boys fire a volley over a woman's grave agin.

Poor 'Liz'beth Rachael! She'd a' been proud to heard the guns. An' jest afore we left the buryin'-ground, when it was growin' sort o' meller an' dusky, an' drefful still after the volley, an' the powder-smoke was hangin' to the bushes, an' all the boys was lookin' inter their hats, to see old Bugler Frisbee step out on the hillside, so straight an' dark agin the yeller sky, an' blow them powerful tender notes that goes rite through a soldier's heart—"Lights out! 'Liz'beth Rachael—Lights out! 'Liz'beth Rachael—L-i-g-h-t-s o-u-t!"

I ain't much onto poetry, comrades, but that air business tuk a powerful hold on my feelin's. Seein' all them gray heads bowed under the old flag-staff, an' it hevin' scarcely enough rags left onto it to flutter in the wind, an' the smell o' the powder agin, jest took me plum back to the day when Dick Welton fell dead under that same flag-staff, an' Jones an' Color-Sergeant

Brown afore him, in less time than it takes to tell ye. Dick was 'Liz'beth Rachael's man, ye understand.

Like to hear the story, would ye? Well, comrades, I 'low I feel more like marchin' over the old ground again to-night than ever I did afore. Things is freshened up in my mind, like. I'm a boy agin, doin' odd chores round the village, carryin' bundles in the harvest field an' pickin' thistles out o' my toes an' nussin' stone-bruises on my heels, an' gettin' a little schoolin' in the winter, an' fightin' the other boys on account o' 'Liz'beth Rachael.

I was alus at the foot o' the class an' 'Liz'beth Rachael alus up to the head, fur she was quick to learn, an' that's the reason I hated the school—fur keepin' us so fur apart. Outside we jest growed up together, an' nobody interfered, an' everybody tuk it all fur granted, same as I did, an' same for 'Liz'beth Rachael.

There was jest one thing come betwixt us two to spile the dress-parade, an' I don't 'low to favor myself, comrades—not partic'lar on the night o' 'Liz'beth Rachael's buryin'. When things worried me, an' likewise when I had too much luck, I liquored accordin', an' that set all the women advisin' 'Liz'beth Rachael, an' 'Liz'beth Rachael advisin' me. She was mighty sweet an' pooty them days—tall an' trim as a sergeant-major, an' sassy as a lieutenant home on leave, an' when she told me off fur punishment duty I tuk the discipline some quieter than ever I did in the field.

But 'twa'n't no use. Much as I wanted to do right an' please 'Liz'beth Rachael—an' I loved her more'n all the world beside—somethin' would turn up to put me back in the police squad, an' then, bless her, she'd take me out o' the guard-house an' we'd be somethin' more'n comrades agin, goin' to meetin' together—

'Liz'beth Rachael sung in the quire—an' plannin' to take the old folks' farm on shares, an' reformin', an' all that.

I 'lowed to do right, comrades, but makin' promises to 'Liz'beth Rachael was like startin' on a charge, double-quickin', an' cheerin' an' howlin' to keep your courage up until, suddin-like, somethin' happens to change yer mind. You meet up with somethin' you didn't expect. I didn't have the pluck to hug the ground an' scrape up a bit o' cover—alus found myself in full retreat afore I knowed it.

Along then the old folks turned agin me, an' Dick Welton took to drivin' over from the Cross Roads, an' 'Liz'beth Rachael sort o' favored him—some folks said to make me jealous, but I couldn't believe that o' 'Liz'beth Rachael—an' I lost heart an' jest clean deserted to the enemy.

That spring the war broke out, an' Dick jumped in and raised the first company in the county, an' everybody swore by Dick, an' 'Liz'beth Rachael couldn't a' helped lovin' him ef she'd tried. Pretty much all the gals in the village did the same, an' I didn't blame 'em.

'Liz'beth Rachael cried an' tuk on an' said she'd alus be my friend, an' made me promise to reform for her sake.

Jest before the company started they was fast married in the church, an' I went up with the rest an' saw it all through, jest as if I didn't care. I tell you it didn't take me long to find out that Pumford wa'n't no place for me to stop in, an' I turned out an' 'listed in Dick's company afore it left the State.

Somehow I couldn't never keep it in my mind that Dick was my rival an' actually the husband of 'Liz'beth Rachael—he was so brave an' keeful o' the boys, he seemed more like a big brother. He was some older 'n me.

You was both of ye at Antietam!
Well, now, shake.

What—up on the right, too? Hooray! Shake again. You'll understand it all. That's where we left poor Dick in the smoke that September Sunday.

You remember how we got onto the skirmish line in the dusk, an' how the line run across the field in the open an' then into the woods on the flank, an' the brush we had with the Johnnies afore we settled down an' got quiet in the dark? Shake!

An' how the last scatterin' shots went bang-bang in the pastur', an' boom-boom in the woods, an' sparkled like fire-flies in the grass?

Shake!

An' then how mortal still it got, an' cold, an' the shuckin' o' the gun-wheels up on the ridge behind whar the batteries was unlimberin' an' gettin' quiet into place; an' the choppin' an' poundin' of the Johnnies buildin' up the granite ledges into breastworks, an' the sound of ammunition-wagons all night on the road by the Dankee Church.

Shake! shake! We was there!

Dear me! I can smell the pastur', wet with the dew, an' see the stars shinin' above the woods to the right—so cold and far off, as if 'twa'n't none o' their fight.

Creepy, now wa'n't it, boys, layin' thar listenin' to the preparations—wonderin' whar ye'd be some time next night—battery fellers stumblin' on ye in the dark huntin' for water to fill the sponge-buckets, an' we a-knowin' the ball would open the minute it got light enough to see the gray devils layin' out in front?

But I'm forgettin' all about Captain Dick.

It was helter-skelter afore noon over in front of that little chapel. We got orders to charge on a brigade formin' to strike our flank, an' we charged pell-mell down the slope, the big guns up above roarin' over our heads and plugin' shell into the woods an' the church. The brigade we started for slumped off to the right an' lapped in behind us an' got scooped up by the troops follerin', an' all the time we was pushin' back the Johnnies in front, rallyin' up with the colors—blazin' right an' left—smoke too thick to breathe easy—shells bustin' everywhere—flag down—flag up—boys didn't know when they was hit—captains gettin' scarce—Color-Sergeant Brown lyin' dead across that same old stick you seen to-day with the rags onto it.

Cap'n Dick rolled him off an' raised the colors once more, an' we all yelled an' cheered, an' some jest cried with excitement but banged away all the same, an' more loaded and fired still as mice; an' sudden like all the rebs melted away in front of us into the ground, an' we set up a cheer an' went ahead after Captain Dick, the staff in one hand an' holdin' up the colors on the pint of his sword with the other, an' my God! the ground afore us jest blazed with a sheet o' fire from behind a step-off o' granite rock as nobody could see, an' Captain Dick went down an' half the boys along with him. Poor old Dick knowed he was done for, an' he throwed the flag back with all his strength, an' we carried it away over the boys lyin' wounded an' dead on the pastur',—an' I thought o' 'Liz'beth Rachael waitin' home an' her Dick trampled among the nameless dead. An' that's how we cum to call the post after Dick—"Richard Welton Post, G. A. R., No. 140."

When we got a stray letter from home there was always some bad news about 'Liz'beth Rachael. There was plenty of home folks here in Pumford lost kin that day—half the women was dressed in black—but none of 'em took it so hard as 'Liz'beth Rachael. First she was reg'lar sick with grief an' worrit, an' then the baby died, an' she was clean gone out of her head. For weeks and months she lay sick with fever, an' the neighbors never expected her to get well. An' when she did cum round she couldn't seem to remember anything 'cept Dick an' the war an' the baby that was dead.

It's thirty years now since we all come home—seems like yisterday—ragged an' dirty uniforms—only twenty in the company—old flag some torn an' shot up, but ye could read the names o' battles in gold letters on every stripe, white an' red—jest thirteen of 'em. We marched over from the railroad in the dust an' sun—ten miles—route step, heads up. Women to the gates with lemonade an' cake—harvest hands on the fences, villages turnin' out. Men an' boys follerin' a-foot, a-horseback, an' in wagons.

All Pumford was on the Mill hill to meet us, an' they fell on us ten to one.

You bet, comrades, I was lookin' for 'Liz'beth Rachael's 'mongst the faces, an' thar it was, the eagerest, wildest-eyed ye ever seen, chargin' clean through the ranks afore all the rest, an' when she didn't find Dick she begun to call him out loud an' run among us an' stare at each of us with her wild, dry eyes. She didn't even know me—'Liz'beth Rachael didn't. So we

jest told her that Dick hadn't got along yet, an' then Fred Gibbs an' me led her away to some o' the women in black clothes that was cryin' together behind the rest, an' Mis' Wiggins, whose two boys was both killed, put her arms around 'Liz'beth Rachael an' comforted her the best she could.

It was dreadful hard lines, holdin' onto that little hand an' supportin' 'Liz'beth Rachael along, an' she not knowin' me, as growed up along with her an' loved her so long. Somehow the women was all a blur when we give her up to 'em, an' I pined back to the boys.

Well, 'Liz'beth Rachael was jest the same from that day on—always expectin' Dick, an' always askin' fur him ef she met up with a soldier. She knowed all of us fur friends o' Dick's when we had our regimentals on, but she never seemed to know one of us from t'other. It was heart-breakin' to hear her ask the same old question, "Whar's my Dick?" an' bimeby we got to answer her, "Oh, he's all right," an' that seemed to satisfy her, an' everybody in the village come to answer her in the same way, down to the little kids jest larnin' to talk.

When we organized the post we called it the "Richard Welton Post, G. A. R., No. 140." 'Liz'beth Rachael seemed to think she had some interest into it. Every other Friday night she stood outside the door an' asked the guard whar her Dick was, an' some o' the comrades brought their wives along reg'lar, jest to talk to 'Liz'beth Rachael and take her home. But 'twa'n't no use tryin' to keep her out of Richard Welton Post when she lowed she belonged there, an' we talked the matter over, an' all the comrades agreed that 'Liz'beth Rachael couldn't do no harm if she was let to set inside.

Now, that's the way her relations with the post begun. After a while we made her a seat beside the chaplain, an' 'Liz'beth Rachael was always in it, and never knowed the pass-word nor yit the grip. We told her the word was "Dick," an' she comes up to the guard an' whispers "My Dick," an' he lets her by, an' she marches up an' salutes the commander jest like the rest, an' turns off to her reg'lar place. Little changes for her sake crep in, one after another, an' ever since Major Wise's time, years ago, after the opening prayer the commander would stand up and strike his gavel an' look at 'Liz'beth Rachael, an' she would stand up an' say, "Whar's my Dick?" an' all the post would rise an' say, "Oh, he's all right," an' then go on with business jest as if she wa'n't there; an' 'Liz'beth Rachael looked so contented an' happy, an' set so still, that we all felt glad to do so much for Dick's widow. And every post night, when the exercises was over, 'Liz'beth Rachael saluted and walked straight home, never lookin' to the right nor left, an' the armed guard was marchin' twenty paces behind her.

But I tell you, comrades, Decoration Day was the beginnin' an' end of the year for 'Liz'beth Rachael. She had some sort of an idea that Dick had somethin' to do with the flag, an' nothin' would do but she must carry the old colors, an' carry them she did, as long as she lived, her thin gray hair uncovered to the sun an' the wind. Some of the women talked to her about Dick an' the baby until she kind o' got the two confounded, an' so, when we heaped the flowers on the little grave an' told her they was for Dick, she was so happy arrangin' the little flags an' wreaths on the green mound an' over the white headstone that she clean forgot to ask the old question.

Then, 'Liz'beth Rachael growed the heft of the flowers herself. That was her little cottage what we took her out from, with the rose-bushes trailin' over the shed an' the pinks and pinks growin' in the garden an' the phlox an' 'zalias hidin' the fences. What with the locust-trees in bloom, an' the clover patch blowed out, it was sweet enough around whar 'Liz'beth Rachael lived to make a bumble-bee stagger.

Did ye take notice of the sign over the porch—it was half hid with climbin' roses to-day—"Richard Welton Post, G. A. R., No. 140," in red letters on a white board with a blue border? Well, we had that lettered an' put up for her, an' she was as proud of it as a paintin'.

'Arly in the spring we plowed the garden an' dug the beds for her, an' sowed the seeds an' did the pottin'-out,—fur all winter 'Liz'beth Rachael had the windows an' the glass shed full o' roses an' geraniums an' sich, an' she never forgot to water an' tend um, nuther. In the summer she might sell a nosegay to the city folks, but afore the thirtieth day o' May nobody couldn't buy a spriz.

One day Miss King—her folks come up from Cincinnati in the summer time—druv with some strangers to see 'Liz'beth Rachael, an' when they kem down to the gate, the'r arms full o' roses, 'Liz'beth Rachael seen the flunkys, all buttons, standin' by the kerriage door, an' she ups an' asks him, "Whar's my Dick?" an' the

feller stared like he was shot, an' Miss King took her hand in hern, with the tears in her eyes, an' says, so sweet, "Oh, he's all right."

Now, wa'n't that clever? Everybody was that a-way to 'Liz'beth Rachael.

A little afore she died her memory come back to her like second sight. The women an' the preacher told her about everything, an' she thanked everybody for all what they had done for her. She sent for me an' made me tell her everything I could remember about Dick, an' how he bore up the flag, an' all that happened that day. An' I had to tell it to her cver an' over again, an' mebbly if I disremembered some little thing she'd pull me up an' say, "Chris, you forgot about the shells burstin' overhead," or "You didn't tell me about the gun-wheels soundin' in the night, just as Dick an' you heard 'em," an' then I had to go over it all again.

An' she talked to me about the old days before the war, an' remembered everything jest as I remembered it. But never mind, comrades, about that part, 'Liz'beth Rachael is gone, an' there'll be another vacant chair in Richard Welton Post, G. A. R., No. 140, an' when some old fire dog turns up in Pumford with a cord on his hat or brass buttons on his vest, as they mostly does, thar won't be no 'Liz'beth Rachael to ax him, "Whar's my Dick?"

ON DECORATION DAY.

No! no! No roses for that grave,
Nor hot-house blossoms gay!
No other flowers he cared for, save
The gentle wild ones, did my brave—
My boy who marched away.

A slender boy, with quiet eyes,
And blushes like a girl;
A lip that darkened downy-wise,
And taper hands a maid might prize,
And soft brown hair a-curl.

He loved to haunt the forest dells
Where shady ferns are best,
And fox-gloves with their dainty bells,
And where the timid violet tells
A fairy's lips have prest.

But of them all he seemed to hold
The simple daisy queen;
And happiest, from a baby, rolled
Amid its foam of white and gold
On summer's waves of green.

And on that ever-echoing day
The little town and I
Saw our dear life-blood drawn away,
And eyes were set and lips were gray,
And trumpets blaring high,

I pinned above my boy's heart
The flower he loved the best,
And kissed him once, and wrenched apart—
And looked again—and saw him start,
A soldier with the rest.

My country asked my all, and I—
I gave as mothers may.
The daisies withered with July;
And when the August fields were dry
They brought me back—some clay.

A stiff, soaked letter on its breast,
With crumbling petals in;
A brow that bore the kiss of rest;
And, lightly to its treasure prest,
The fingers pale and thin. . .

At home I tend a shabby flower
That pined the winter through,
It seemed to shrink from hour to hour—
Perhaps, in place of Nature's shower,
It drank too bitter dew.

One little, starving bloom it bore,
But timely did its part;
And while to-day the roses pour,
My boy shall have his own once more—
A daisy on his heart!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE work upon the exposition buildings at Chicago continues to make satisfactory progress, and the vastness of the project grows apace. It has already become apparent that the amount of space at the disposal of the commission will not be sufficient to meet the public demand. Several times the area of the buildings has been applied for, and applications are still coming in by the hundreds. A very considerable scaling down of these applications will be necessary, and those exhibitors who have been laggard in getting in their requests for space are quite likely to come out at the little end of the horn. The New York commission, which recently visited Chicago, seems to have reached this conclusion very speedily, and efforts are now to be made to awaken our people to the importance of immediate action if they would secure proper representation in the various departments of the exposition.

Anxiety is felt in some quarters as to the delay of Congress in acting upon the additional appropriation which has been applied for by the commission. There certainly seems to be no good reason why an additional appropriation should not be promptly made. It is not at all probable, however, that the exposition would prove a failure even should Congress do nothing

at all. One of the prominent officials of the exposition is quoted as saying, in a recent interview, that "a corporation that has invested eleven millions of dollars in a legitimate enterprise will be able to borrow any reasonable sum without giving security. We will probably need eight million dollars, and having met the issue fairly, we will not be panic-stricken in case we are refused by Congress." He added that arrangements are already made for any contingencies that may arise. Should it become necessary to secure a loan, interest will not have to be paid for a longer time than six months. It is gratifying to find that the managers of the exposition have this courageous spirit. Pluck always commands success, and they may be sure that so long as they maintain this self-reliant and resolute attitude they will receive the sympathy and support of the country.

It is announced that the plans for the Columbus monument which is to be erected on the lake-front park have been finally completed, and it is expected that the monument will be in position by April 14th of next year, and ready to be unveiled three days later, the supposed anniversary of the birth of the great discoverer. The figure is to be of bronze, and will be twenty feet in height. It will rest upon a granite pedestal thirty feet high.

We give on another page a picture illustrative of the work upon the dome of the Administration building. The dome is now complete, and the inner dome is about half finished. During the last month 100,000 pounds of iron was added to the dome, and the building itself received 290,000 feet of lumber.

POST-ROOMS OF THE G. A. R.

A PROMINENT characteristic of the Grand Army of the Republic is the attention which its posts give to the decoration and furnishing of their meeting-places. In the larger cities, where the membership of single posts is often five or six hundred, the post-room becomes essentially a club headquarters, provided with an excellent general library and sundry facilities for mutual enjoyment, and open daily not only to members, but to all visiting comrades. They are repositories, too, for a vast quantity of invaluable relics of the great war which gave rise to this patriotic order. These comprise battle-flags, weapons, all of the lighter *impedimenta* of warfare by land and sea, and portraits of leading officers under whom the men served.

In smaller communities the local posts often share their quarters with lodges of various orders, or become peripatetic, holding stated sessions at different places available for the purpose.

Among the larger post halls of the United States those of Post 2, of Philadelphia; General Lander Post 5, of Lynn, Massachusetts, and Grant Post, of Brooklyn, are celebrated for their sumptuous appearance and profusion of appropriate surroundings. These impressive rallying points of the old soldiers are usually open to the inspection of the general public.

One of the most interesting post-rooms in the order is that of the Naval Post at Philadelphia, which is constructed and furnished to represent the deck of an old-time man-of-war, the ritual and general business at sessions being conducted in characteristic sea-faring language.

The strongest post-room in the United States is, perhaps, that of the St. Augustine (Florida) Post, which has fitted up a casemate or dungeon in the ancient Spanish fort familiar to every tourist, called San Marco, but known upon the War Department records as Fort Marion. Sergeant Brown, who conducts visitors around this gray and picturesque pile, is a leading spirit in this outpost of the Grand Army of the Republic, and takes great pride in surprising chance comrades from the North with a view of this time-stained apartment.

The regulations of this order prescribe certain stations for officers, which are indicated by pedestals or desks at the head, foot, and sides of the apartment, respectively for the commander, junior vice-commander, senior vice-commander, and chaplain. To the right and left of the commander the adjutant and quartermaster usually occupy desks, and in front sit the surgeon and officer-of-the-guard, these officials wearing, usually, the full uniform of their respective ranks. In the centre of the room is an altar containing a Bible laid upon crossed swords. Post 2 of Philadelphia and some other posts maintain excellent orchestras, which participate effectively in the work of the order.

Old Spring Garden Hall, the headquarters of Post 2 of Philadelphia for many years, will soon be removed in order to provide space for a new normal school. Post 2 has, therefore, purchased a church building at Twelfth and Wallace streets, which has been partly reconstructed and beautifully furnished.

A NOBLE MUSICIAN.



A NATION possessing a nobility and aristocracy is bound to have incidents of personal eccentricism which in countries where all people are born equal would excite little more than passing notice after serving as seven-day wonders. In England it seems to be next to impossible to have the public cease talking about Lord So-and-so's indiscretions, or Lady Somebody's errors. As death loves a shining mark, so does the public dote on a bit of gossip affecting a person of high degree. The lordling who annexes a consort from the ballet stage becomes as well known as a prime minister, and living down the notoriety of such a match, or the divorce-court proceedings which usually follow, is impossible.

The "performance" of a scion of a noble house which never will be forgotten in England, is that of Viscount Hinton, who some two years ago set out on a campaign as unique as it was mortifying to his family. Not possessing the talent or the means to acquire "fame" through the ordinary mediums, he gave expression to such musical instinct as he possessed, not by becoming an operatic tenor, or a player in the orchestra, nor even a performer on the yellow clarinet in a German band, but supplied himself with the vulgar hand-organ of commerce and embarked on the career of a strolling street-musician.

The shock to the pride and feelings of the peer of the realm, Earl Poulett, his father, must have been very great; but the noble earl kept his grief to himself, and the public is left to conjecture his chagrin or attitude on the subject, beyond the indefinite understanding that the viscount has been disowned. True, the will and say-so of the old earl cannot overturn England's law of primogeniture, and the musically-inclined son remains as much the heir as the day he was

Hinton St. George at Crewkerne, or to his more favorite seat at Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire, or to his town club in Pall Mall, he is never beyond the possible reach of the—to him exasperating—strains of the family hand-organ. Let there be a house-party or a gathering of county people, Viscount Hinton is more than likely to turn up in the neighborhood with the latest thing in machine-made melody.

I saw the young man a few months ago at Southsea, the residential quarter of Portsmouth, where he was plying his calling to reap the harvest of coins from the hotels and villas thronged with the fashionable world drawn to the Solent to witness a grand naval pageant in which royalties were playing a prominent part. In front of a hotel, just as the dinner-hour was over and daylight was giving way to darkness, "his lordship" trundled his piano-organ inside the gates and started grinding out the *répertoire* of the instrument. The waiters said it was Lord Hinton, and the statement was substantiated by a neatly-framed placard appended to the organ which read:

I AM THE
VISCOUNT HINTON,
Son of the Earl of Poulett and heir
to the Title and Dignities.
(Vide Burke and Debrett.)
Through no fault of my own I am
reduced to earning a livelihood
in this manner.

The music was rather better than that of the average street organ. Technique and execution being governed mechanically, there was, of course, small chance for a display of ability, but he managed to impart taste and sentiment in the modulations of the movement of the crank. He was dressed with obvious propriety for the occupation. The coat of velvet—not velveteen—betokened the artist, and was accentuated by a cravat knotted in the mode affected by the *flâneur* of musical Paris. The current melodies of the music hall, with a sprinkling of Offenbach, and one or two airs that always strike the patriotic chord in British hearts, having been duly filtered through the machine, the viscount, with a grace worthy of a court ball, turned the



VISCOUNT HINTON AND HIS WIFE.

born, and nothing can rob the young man of his right, if he survives, at some time to wear the coronet of the earldom and take his seat in the House of Lords.

Viscount Hinton's queer freak was at first believed to be but a drastic measure for forcing the earl to terms in some matter, but as he persists in his fantastic course and the old gentleman preserves outward imperturbability, organ-grinding may now be regarded as his more or less permanent employment.

Wherever the proud earl goes, whether to

crank over to the young woman who was sharing his fortunes as viscountess. While she ground out "Here comes the bogie man," or some such tune, Viscount Hinton, with much elegance of demeanor and unruffled cheerfulness, ran lightly up the steps to the hotel entrance to look after the business feature of his enterprise. Each person present was given the opportunity to drop any stray coin he or she might possess into the artistic little metal cup politely extended by his lordship. The "I thank you kindly" was uttered with unvarying precision

as each dole was contributed to the exchequer of this noble representative of the higher cult of musical mendicancy.

The result must have been satisfying, for the takings easily amounted to nearly two pounds. No one felt the poorer for giving liberally to one who, whatever his failings, certainly had the courage of his convictions. It was a good-natured and considerate audience, preserving an attitude of kindly amusement, and with no thought of jeering or chaffing. There were present, perhaps, men born to the same rank, to whom fortune and circumstances had been more propitious than to this *confrère* whose name was never seen in the society column of the *Morning Post* or in the lists of grandees attending a court function.

Lord Hinton plies his calling in no perfunctory way, but with dignity and directness. Even if inspired at the outset by malicious motives, he has persevered in his career long enough to win a certain admiration for his "pluck."

He goes wherever he can find a holiday or gala gathering, and at times plays on the steamers crossing the Channel. Museum and side-show "engagements" have been offered him by the score, but he chooses to maintain the integrity of the pursuit he has adopted by declining with thanks all such proposals.

He finds there is money in his business, and who can say he does not earn it?

FREDERICK C. PENFIELD.

COLLEGE BASE-BALL.

We give on page 284 instantaneous photographs of the first base-ball championship game between Harvard and Princeton, on Saturday, the 7th inst., when Harvard defeated the Princeton nine by the score of eleven to five. The game was beautifully played up to the sixth innings, when Harvard went to the front and easily held its lead. The Princeton nine this year was said to be exceptionally fine, but it was found that Catcher Brown was not equal to the task of giving the support to Pitcher Young, which Brokaw had done in former years. Brown is an exceptionally fine thrower, but in comparing his work with Brokaw's it is brought into direct contrast with one of the best catchers and manliest of men that Princeton has brought forward in the athletic world. Pitcher Highlands, the tall, left-handed pitcher for the Harvard nine, proved himself to be an enigma in the game, and well bore out his previous reputation as one of the most promising of the young college pitchers of the day.

This year is already noted for the extra good teams that represent the smaller colleges. The University of Pennsylvania has already beaten Princeton, Brown has beaten Harvard, and Amherst has beaten Yale, a state of affairs which has not existed in several years, and which should add keenly to the interest in this sport when conducted as it is on the strictest lines of hard work and honesty. Whatever accusation may be made against professional base-ball or horse-racing, there has never been—to the credit of college sports—a single intimation that any of their games have been attended by crooked work.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

It is still the bodice which usurps our attention to the almost entire exclusion of the rest of our wardrobe. It is true that there are great diversities in skirts, but comparatively few, to the multitude of variations in the corsage. The round basque is still immensely popular, and it is far more becoming to the majority of women than the long coat. At the same time a too short-waisted effect is to be avoided. As a point of fact the edge of the bodice should just reach below the curve of the waist-line. This edge is generally finished with bias folds or bands of ribbon or velvet.

Zouave jackets are to be a revived feature for the summer, and they are both pretty and convenient to wear with any gown. They may perhaps share the honors with the Eton, but at any rate they each have their individual charms. The newest shirts to wear with these jackets are to be made of French batiste, colored or white, and will have broad turn-over collars, in some instances reaching almost to the shoulder. Beneath the collar is knotted a Windsor tie of soft silk, either plain or spotted. These jackets look quite as well over tight waistcoats as over loose, full fronts or blouses. The blouse is at its best with a broad width of silk or ribbon tied twice around the waist, and terminating in a short bow or rosette. A most economical purchase would be a dark blue, tan or dark stone-gray serge, made with a bell skirt and a well-fitting Eton or zouave jacket, lined with silk. One day it may be worn with a silk blouse with wide folded sash, another a bodice of soft crêpe

tucked beneath a girdle; one morning with an ordinary full shirt of French batiste, and another with a tight-fitting waistcoat of fine cloth, with embroidery or without, and one will be well equipped for any weather or occasion.

We find an extravagance which apes sim-



YOUNG GIRL'S BODICE.

plicity in the satin linings to cloth skirts which are absolutely plain. Rustling silk is at present tabooed by the "swell" modiste for linings, and soft satin or merveilleux has the preference. A dress of black serge, for instance, has a lining of yellow-and-black shot satin, edged by a narrow knife-pleated flounce, at the head of which are several rows of narrow velvet ribbon.

It is hardly too early to talk of cotton dresses, which are not only extremely pretty, but surprisingly cheap. The cotton crêpes are especially attractive, and have a suggestion of corduroy in their surface; they are to be had in white mixed with blue, red or black, and blue with red. Other crêpe-like cottons are striped in combinations of color, perhaps the prettiest among them being in white striped with slate gray and pale pink, while another is in old rose striped with a deeper shade and white. These make charming dresses for young girls, and, in fact, not for many seasons have our young women been so gracefully clad as at the present time. A very charming suggestion is offered in this column for a bodice which may be prettily adapted to any of the popular fabrics with lace or embroidery in combination. The natty little jackets already mentioned are equally suitable for young girls, and for dressy occasions are made of velvet and worn over blouses of surah or China crêpe.

At the moment of writing, almost every style and shape of mantle has the approval of fashionable fau— it may be either a coat, a mantle, or a cape, but perhaps the latter is absorbing the largest share of favor.

ELLA STARR.

BRIDAL AND BURIAL.

It was a soldier's bridal day;
His darling stood in robes of gray
To give to him her heart.
The soldier wore the army blue,
And vowed his vows of honor true,
Till "death their lives should part."

Above them hung our banner bright;
Each heart was sad, and yet alight
With hope he might not fall,
And that some happy, gala day,
He would return, with her to stay,
When bugles did not call.

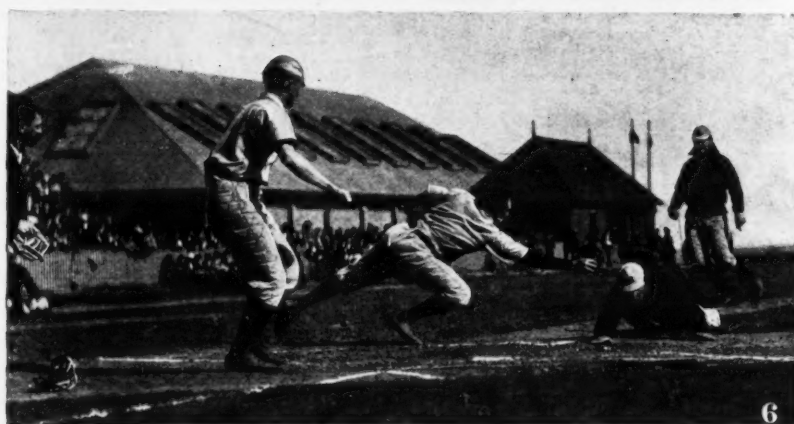
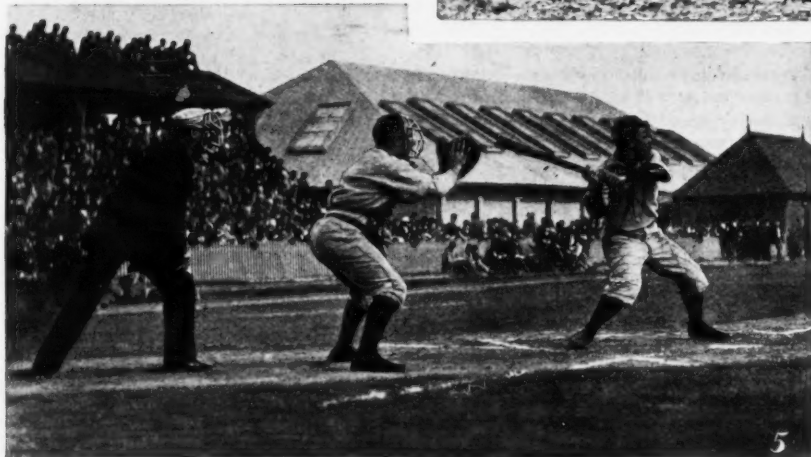
"Haste to my rescue!" Freedom cried.
The soldier marched away—he died.
As white as winter snow
He came again: alas! alas!
They hid his face beneath the grass
Full thirty years ago.

Under the pillow where his head
Was lying the dear bride-wife spread
Her wedding-gown of gray.
They found her picture on his breast,
And left it undisturbed to rest
Till God's memorial day.

Her brow wears signet of the years;
Her eyes have not forgot the tears
They shed that vanished day;
Her locks have lost youth's loveliness;
Their hue is like her bridal dress,
Of unobtrusive gray.

Time is grief's healer; but she waits
Alone for him who by the gates
Of heaven records the hours
Till she shall come with love as true
As when he wore the army blue,
Or lay 'mid funeral flowers.

LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.



1. THE NEW TRAINING QUARTERS. 2. BROWN, PRINCETON'S CATCHER. 3. YOUNG, PRINCETON'S PITCHER. 4. PRINCETON'S TEAM OF '92. 5. KING BATS FOR A HOME RUN. 6. A CLOSE DECISION—HARVARD'S FIRST RUN. 7. "RAH, RAH, RAH, HARVARD!" 8. HIGHLANDS STRIKES OUT.

COLLEGE BASE-BALL—THE MATCH BETWEEN THE PRINCETON AND HARVARD TEAMS, MAY 7TH.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



Colonel Robert Grier Monroe, Secretary Democratic State Provisional Committee.



H. de F. Baldwin, Leader in the Nineteenth Assembly District, New York City.



Frederick R. Coudert, President Manhattan Club.



William L. Turner, in charge of the Enrollment for New York County.



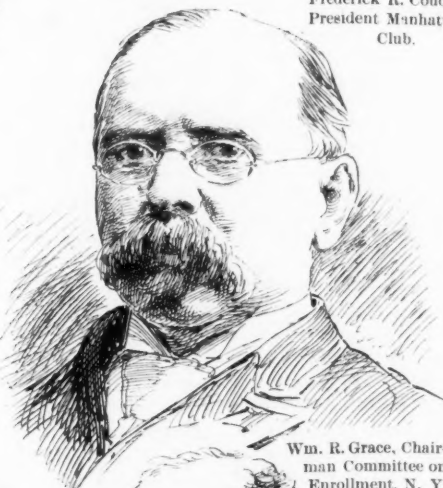
Charles Roe, of Rochester, Member of Democratic State Provisional Committee for the Thirtieth Congressional District.



James Byrne, President of the Democracy of the Eleventh Assembly District, New York City.



Charles S. Fairchild, Chairman Democratic State Provisional Committee.



Wm. R. Grace, Chairman Committee on Enrollment, N. Y. County.



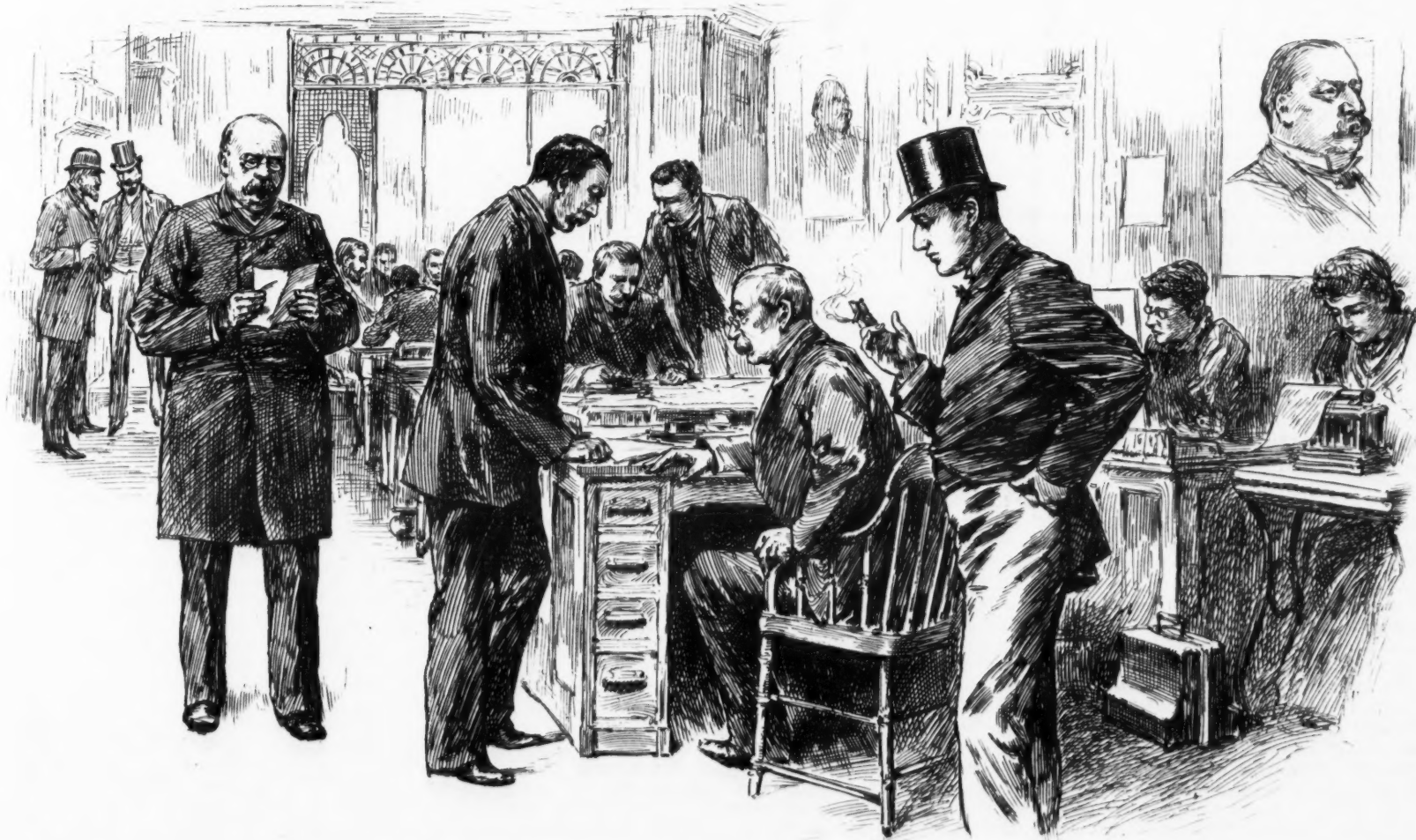
E. Ellery Anderson, President Reform Club.



W. A. Poucher, of Oswego, Member of Democratic State Provisional Committee for the Twenty-seventh Congressional District.



Rignal D. Woodward, Secretary Committee on Enrollment, New York County.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE FOR NEW YORK COUNTY.

THE DEMOCRATIC "ANTI-SNAP" MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK AND SOME OF ITS LEADERS.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 287.]

PROFESSOR C. A. BRIGGS AND HIS VIEWS.

HOW HE IS REGARDED AS A TEACHER.

SINCE the heresy-hunters began their eager pursuit of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, he has often been presented as a scholar and theologian. Both his friends and his enemies have set forth his views at all lengths and in every phase; they have defended them or assailed them, as a belief in the truth of his position or devotion to the time-honored cause of repression may have served to inspire. Further effort to exalt what is right or to condemn what is wrong would probably be altogether needless. But even if it were not, most people, I think, would prefer to know something of Dr. Briggs as he appears to the young men who receive his instruction. The view thus to be had is not one to delight the soul that takes pleasure in the pursuit of heresy; for it gives no hint of a man working in reckless disregard of truth or bringing havoc to reverence and faith. But it is a view that must tend to disarm prejudice, however great, and to heighten admiration, however strong.

I.

It is a curious and significant fact that the students of Dr. Briggs have been among his staunchest adherents. They are the ones who believe most enthusiastically that he is a sincere and an upright man; that he is the victim of an unjust persecution; that he is a model of prudence and caution; that his views are the laborious product of the profoundest study; that these views are not dangerous and destructive, but add strength to belief in the Bible and deepen faith in the Christian religion.

Of course the obvious reply will be made that Dr. Briggs's students are young men with immature minds, of limited experience, and imperfect scholarship. They do not know enough to estimate the value of his conclusions; they have not seen enough of the world to understand the pernicious effect of his teachings. Let it be granted that they are more or less ignorant and more or less inexperienced. That does not, however, affect the impression that Dr. Briggs has made upon them; their testimony as to whether he has deprived them of their religious convictions and set them afloat on a boundless sea of unbelief must be accepted as conclusive. On this point I have questioned many of them personally; I have also seen letters from many others. The testimony is almost unanimous that the teachings of Dr. Briggs have been a benefit, not a detriment; they have dispelled doubts; they have given a new vitality to an enfeebled faith; they have presented new and better reasons for old beliefs.

"When I first thought of coming to the seminary," said a member of the senior class, "an effort was made to dissuade me. I was warned against Dr. Briggs. I came, however, in spite of the prejudice that had been aroused in my mind. But my distrust soon passed away, and the more I heard him the more I admired him and believed in him. He has strengthened my faith. He has made it firmer than any other man whom I have known. Perhaps what he has to say of the textual errors of the Bible may startle at first. But to him those errors are of little consequence; he shows that the truth is there in spite of them. He teaches that the Bible is the word of God, and teaches it in such a way that a man is put on a firm basis so that nothing can shake him."

If it be thought that this opinion is not shared by students of Dr. Briggs who have gone out into the world and learned what is needed to combat unbelief, let me quote from the letter of a man who was graduated several years ago: "My real deep reverence for the Scripture," he writes, "began with the instructions of Dr. Briggs, and I have always looked back to him as giving me my first and most lasting impulse to find out what is in the Bible and to love it. Instead of taking away from my belief in it and reverence for it, I regard him as having been to me an inspiration to revere it and love it more. And out of all his teachings in the class-room while I was under him, I can recall no word which seemed to me to endanger our faith in the Scriptures. On the contrary, the impression which his handling of the Bible has always left in my mind has been a reverent one."

These opinions are not isolated. Last May a protest against the assault on Dr. Briggs was sent out for the signatures of the alumni of the Union Theological Seminary. "We regard him," said the protest, "as a man possessed not only of exceptional learning, but also of rare piety and consecration. Instead of bringing reproach upon the Bible, as has been asserted, he has, we think, a special power of imbuing his students with an earnest love for the inspired word of God and with a comprehensive insight into its

profoundest truth, thus training them for a more skillful use of 'the sword of the Spirit.'" Of the two hundred and sixty or more replies to the protest, nearly two hundred and twenty—or five out of every six—were in favor of Dr. Briggs. Those in opposition to him did not impeach his piety or scholarship; they did not charge him with destroying faith. The burden of their complaint was that he did not conform to "the standards."

II.

What is the secret of this confidence and devotion? Does Dr. Briggs exercise over his students the witchery of personal magnetism? Does his personal popularity steal away their judgment and blind them to obvious faults? Such an explanation would be an easy one if it were a possible one. But even an enthusiastic admirer would not claim for him this potent element of charm. "When I came here," said a senior at the seminary, "I thought him a cold man. But as I heard him from day to day my opinion changed. I soon saw how kind and gentle he was. He was always anxious to do all he could for us. I saw, too, how perfectly honest he was. He met every difficulty frankly and squarely. We could not but like him and believe in him."

Dr. Briggs is pre-eminently a scholar. He has a scholar's sensitiveness, modesty, and unobtrusiveness, although he has a soldier's courage and allegiance to duty. His sympathies are broad and go out to all men. But he does not step aside to court the friendship of students; he has none of that small change of social commerce that enables them to reach him readily and without restraint. They never feel at liberty to invade the quiet of his study or to interrupt the meditation of a stroll. They know, however, and invariably say, that he is one of the kindest of men; they know that they can approach him with the certainty of the kindest of treatment. He always invites them to come to him in his study to talk over any difficulties that they may have encountered in their work. Or, if they like, they can join him in his walk across the park to his home in Harlem and discuss the subjects that they delight in studying. The students who avail themselves of this privilege never have reason to regret it. They learn to know their teacher as he is not to be known at a distance; they take away with them some inspiring thought or pleasing remembrance that becomes a help or joy to them in after life.

There is another way that students come in contact with Dr. Briggs. In Germany one of the most valued and important means of instruction is the *Seminar*. A small body of the more earnest and enthusiastic students meet in the rooms of their professor. There some one of them reads a carefully prepared paper on a special subject that he has been investigating. It is followed by a lively and informal discussion. The professor takes the leading part and throws upon the questions raised the strong light of his vast and varied learning. There is more freedom of inquiry and intercourse in the *Seminar* than in the lecture-room; there is more time for questions and answers. The severity and labor of study are tempered by the pleasure of a social meeting. The professor becomes more familiar with the character and capacity of his students; on the other hand, they become better acquainted with him, and their relations become rather those of a friend than of a teacher. This inspiration of friendship is added to that of the subject of study, and under the stimulus of both a work is accomplished that might otherwise never have been done, or only undertaken as a labor and not as a pleasure.

It is in the class-room that Dr. Briggs has performed his greatest and most lasting service. For many years he has laid before class after class the results of his studies. He has done more than that. He has taken his students over the same ground that he has trod so laboriously. He has acquainted them with his method of investigation. He has put them in possession of an instrument of study and research that will enable them to discover for themselves the truths imbedded in the Scriptures.

Dr. Briggs would not be called a popular lecturer. He does not have the strong and finely modulated voice that is indispensable to the attractive speaker. Its tones are not clear and distinct, although students have no trouble to understand what is said. No embellishment of the orator marks his manner. His face seldom reveals mobility or his utterance emotion. Sometimes, however, he rises to the point of eloquence. When he comes to gather up the threads of a

long and intricate argument or to present the great truths to be drawn from a series of extended inquiries, his voice grows strong, his eyes flash with feeling, and his language becomes rich in color under the power of the inspiring thoughts crowding his mind and taking shape in stirring phrase.

But usually his manner of delivery is simple and direct, and his language severe and didactic. His lecture may at times seem almost mechanical. Much effort may be required to listen to what appears to be devoid of interest. Dr. Briggs is not unaware himself of the arid character of some of his lectures. He is at pains to warn his students beforehand that they are not about to journey through a land flowing with milk and honey. But before they reach the promised land of inspiring truth they must travel over a region of dry fact that looks very much like a desert. Happily, however, he never detains them there for forty years.

His manner is, therefore, due as much to his method as to his temperament. Whatever be the subject of his lecture he goes to the Bible for light. He gathers from every book all the passages that relate to it. He considers them in connection with their context and in relation to the time in which they were written. He compares them with one another. If there is conflict he never avoids it; he always seeks to explain it honestly and satisfactorily. He may trace it to the imperfect comprehension of the thought that the sacred writer attempted to express; it may be due to a peculiar use of some word. Perhaps he has not been able to discover an adequate explanation. In that case he tells his students what he has done to reach one; he may venture also to indicate the most probable of several possible solutions of the difficulty. He may finally quote the opinions of the fathers or of modern scholars. "But he never substitutes these authorities for the Bible," said one of his students. "He never fails to impress upon us that that is an authority that outranks them all."

Such a minute examination of separate facts does not permit of ornate expression. It is not stimulating to lazy and indifferent students, such as sometimes occupy seats in Dr. Briggs's classes. The dull student may find some difficulty in following him when, for example, he traces the evolution of the Messianic idea or the idea of immortality through the Old Testament into the New. He may get lost in the forest of detail; he may be so dazed when he reaches the open that he does not appreciate the splendor of the landscape. But earnest students—students with a fair measure of brains—take pleasure in accompanying Dr. Briggs in his long and sometimes trying journeys after the truths of the Scriptures. They become enthusiastic over the object of research; they find no word too strong to express their admiration for their teacher. In this sense he is an interesting lecturer and a popular professor.

III.

There is still another view of Dr. Briggs—the view to be had in the lecture-room. He is the most prompt of his associates in the seminary. He is rarely late; he seldom misses a lecture, and if he does, he usually makes it up. He occupies the full hour, never dismissing his class before he has said all that can be crowded into his allotted time. "It seems as though he never had time enough," said one of his students, "to tell us half he had to say. In this respect he is quite unlike the other professors, who often stop some minutes before the bell rings. I have known him to be so absorbed in his lecture that he had to be reminded that his time had expired."

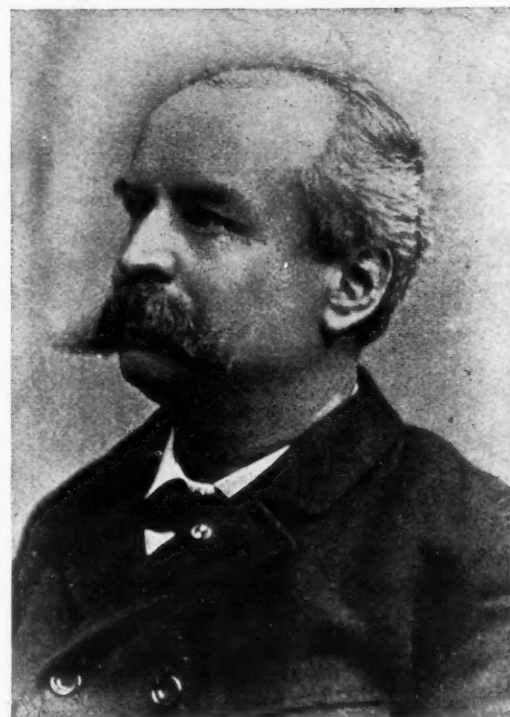
Dr. Briggs is not altogether an extemporaneous lecturer. Sitting in his chair on the platform, he either reads from a manuscript or is closely confined to notes. Sometimes he uses a text-book, like his "Messianic Prophecy," for example. He will read rather slowly and in a slightly raised tone of voice the introductory statement preceding the detailed discussion of a subject. Then follows in a conversational style and in a more rapid manner his expansion and elucidation of the topic. He may read from the book or paraphrase it, giving additions to the evidence it contains in support of his views or illustrating them in some new and more forcible way. If he is lecturing on "New Testament Religion," he holds in his hands a copy of his

notes on the subject. His students are provided with duplicate copies. Thus they can inform themselves in advance as to the ground that he proposes to cover. As the notes are printed only on one side, the student can take down on the other any additional points or references that he desires to preserve. If he needs more light than has been offered in the notes or lecture, he is at liberty to interrupt with questions. If they are pertinent, Dr. Briggs answers them at once; if they relate more directly to a subject to be discussed at a future time, he asks a postponement until then. It is one of his characteristics in the lecture-room that he never indulges in digressions or in controversies; they divert attention and lead to a loss of time. He confines himself strictly to the work in hand.

FRANKLIN SMITH.

GENERAL FELIX AGNUS.

IN a public speech in Maryland, several years ago, Secretary James G. Blaine instanced General Felix Agnus as a conspicuous representative of the successful Frenchman in the United States. "He is," he said, "a great Frenchman and a great American, who came to this country with the same zeal that made Lafayette's coming an honor to this land." There is, in fact, no man of French birth who is more thoroughly connected with the nation's affairs than General Agnus. He is the best known Republican leader in the South, and his position as manager and editor of the leading Republican paper and the oldest and most representative journal of the South—the *Baltimore American*—gives him a constant prominence in the general and political interests of the country. General Agnus was born in Lyons, France, July 4th,



GENERAL FELIX AGNUS.

1839. He belongs to one of the old families of that country, which traces its lineage back more than a thousand years. In 1859, when Napoleon III. waged war with Austria, young Agnus volunteered in the Third Regiment of Zouaves, and fought in the battle of Montebello, May 20th, 1859. He was afterward detailed to the celebrated Flying Corps under Garibaldi. In his earlier youth he had gone around the world, and after the fighting was over in Italy he came to America to take a position in New York. When Fort Sumter was fired on he enlisted as a private in Durvye's Zouaves (Fifth New York) and almost from the beginning began a steady promotion that had few parallels in the Civil War. He saved General Kilpatrick's life at Big Bethel and was promoted to second lieutenant for gallantry. He led the charge at Ashland Bridge; he was in the dash at Hanover Court House; he was in the storming of the hills at Mechanicsville, near Richmond; at Gaines's Mills he was shot through the shoulder. Later on he served at Port Hudson, and in Louisiana and Texas; with Grant on the James River, and with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, being twice severely wounded. Without knowing the English language he entered the war as a private, was wounded eleven times, and rose without influence, except his own merit, to a brigadier-generalship within five years. He was probably the youngest man of that rank in the service, being only twenty-four years old when he was made brigadier-general.

Upon resigning his commission on August

22d, 1865, he assumed charge of the business department of the *Baltimore American*. He had been married in 1864 to Miss Annie E. Fulton, daughter of Hon. Charles Carroll Fulton, senior proprietor of the *American*. On Mr. Fulton's death in 1883, by the deed of trust, General Agnus became sole trustee and publisher of the paper. His brilliant and successful management of the property is well known. In the affairs of the South, General Agnus has been a leading factor. His opposition to sectionalism and sectional issues and his persistent advocacy of industrial and agricultural development have made him popular with all the progressive men of that section. He is a leader in Republican politics, and his name was strongly mentioned for Secretary of War and for the mission to Russia. He prefers journalism to politics, and the story is told that on a certain occasion when there was some contention over appointments and when another leader demanded, "What do you want?" General Agnus replied: "I want your respect while I live and the flag at half-mast when I die." General Agnus's country place, "Nacirema," in the beautiful Green Spring Valley, is one of the finest estates in Maryland.

General Agnus has recently been appointed by the President a member of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy at West Point.

THE MAY CONVENTION MOVEMENT.

Nothing like the movement in favor of the Democratic Convention at Syracuse, on the 31st inst., was ever seen in American politics. It is emphatically *sui generis*. It is not a bolt, for its participants never had any connection with the Democratic State Convention held at Albany on the 22d of last February. They protested against the calling of that convention. They protested against the election of its delegates, and they protested against its proceedings. While the snap convention, as the participants in the May convention movement call the convention of February 22d, was in progress, some half a hundred life-long Democrats met in Union Hall, in the same city, and called another Democratic State Convention. Among that half hundred were some of the most influential, well-known Democrats of the State. There were Charles S. Fairchild, one of Samuel J. Tilden's "young men"; William R. Grace, whose successful campaign for mayor of New York in 1884 brought about the election of Mr. Cleveland as President of the United States; William A. Poucher, of Oswego; William A. Beach, of Syracuse, another of Mr. Tilden's "young men"; John D. Kernan, State Railroad Commissioner, the son of Francis Kernan, candidate of the Democracy for Governor in 1872 and afterward United States Senator from New York; E. Ellery Anderson, President of the Reform Club of New York; Frederick R. Coudert, president of the Manhattan Club of New York, the strongest and most celebrated Democratic club in the country; Charles Roe, of Rochester; Norton Chase, of Albany; Colonel Robert G. Monroe, of New York, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic League of Clubs; Edward M. Shepard and George Foster Peabody, of Brooklyn; Charles J. Canda, Treasurer of the National Democratic Committee, and last, but not least, the veteran Franklin D. Locke, of Buffalo.

It is the manner in which the participants in the May convention movement carry on their campaign which makes it so remarkable. Each one of them puts himself on record in his own handwriting in protest against the February convention. He not only signs his name, but he affixes his place of residence and place of business. Thus each one places himself squarely before the public, and no one hides behind the other. To a professional politician such action is almost incredible, for an "old-timer never wishes to be on record." Thus the size of the army is made patent to the world. Nothing is wrapped in mystery. Not only the leaders, but every member of the rank and file announces himself with all possible formality.

A tabulation of the enrollment papers shows that nearly two hundred thousand Democrats of the State have signed. There is an organization in every county, and enrollments are still steadily going on. It is claimed by the leaders of the movement that these signatures fairly represent a majority of the Democratic voters of the State, and their contention is that the February convention represents a minority.

How the National Democratic Convention will treat the seventy-two delegates who will be elected at the Syracuse convention is now one of the burning questions among Democratic politicians. The general opinion is that the movement is too strong to be ignored. On the other hand, it is conceded that the February convention was "regular," and that, therefore, the

seventy-two delegates elected at that convention must be recognized. Perhaps a compromise will be adopted, and both delegations will be admitted with half a vote to each delegate. If this should be done, it will be done in the interests of harmony, and in order that there may be no dissensions among the New York Democracy during the Presidential campaign. One thing is agreed to by every politician. If Mr. Cleveland should be nominated at Chicago his nomination will be due, more than anything else, to the May convention movement in this State. By it Mr. Cleveland's friends in other States were encouraged to rally to his support. Mr. Cleveland would have had very few delegates in the rest of the country had it not been for the conference which was held in Union Hall in Albany last Washington's Birthday, and the decision which was there so unanimously and enthusiastically reached.

OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

MAY DAY ABROAD.

BELGIUM's capital city, Brussels, was prepared for trouble on May 1st, the European "Labor Day," which in the last two or three years has taken on a decidedly anarchistic character; but everything passed off quietly enough there. The labor organizations had their "demonstration," which consisted in marching through the streets with bits of red pasteboard on their hats and carrying banners with such inscriptions as "Place to the Poor," "Make Way for the Working People," etc. Not more than four or five thousand persons were in this procession, of which we give a picture from the *Monde Illustré*. In Liège, on this same day, the anarchy business was a little more brisk, two dynamite cartridges being exploded on the premises of M. de Sélys, president of the Senate, and one in the church of Saint-Martin. These explosions did considerable damage, but fortunately no person was injured. In London, the workingmen's demonstration was orderly and imposing. It is estimated that over three hundred thousand persons were present at the Hyde Park meeting, where there was speaking from sixteen platforms. Among the speakers were Stepniak, John Burns, and others.

A THEATRICAL FAILURE.

The new play entitled "The Fringe of Society," recently produced at the Criterion Theatre in London, with Mrs. Langtry in the leading part, appears to have been coldly received. Being an attempt to construct a comedy of English life on the basis of a solacious French play, the failure is not, perhaps, surprising. Mrs. Langtry's dresses are spoken of as having "excited the admiration of the ladies in the stalls," but even her "succession of beautiful gowns" did not save the piece from disaster. We reproduce from the London *Graphic* one of the scenes of the play.

A RACER'S BAD TOOTH.

All the British racing world was recently greatly excited over the news of the serious illness of the racer Orme, the property of the Duke of Westminster, the richest nobleman in England. The excitement was heightened by the report that the sickness was due to poisoning; but this turned out not to be the fact. The truth appears to be that the trouble was due to abscesses under the tongue, caused possibly by a decayed tooth, which it was found necessary to remove. Orme's chances of winning in the Derby were, of course, destroyed by his sickness.

MR. GLADSTONE AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Gladstone's opposition to the Woman's Franchise bill, as expressed in a letter which was made public pending its consideration, is thought to have defeated it in the British House of Commons. It certainly influenced a good

many of his supporters. After giving his vote against the bill he appeared behind the speaker's chair, listening for the numbers of the division, his hand up to his ear. The *Graphic* says: "He suggested the conspirator who had laid a train and was waiting to hear the explosion." The bill was defeated by 175 to 152.

WHO WROTE "TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY."

THE real facts about the much-discussed English copyright of "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" are, according to Mr. Gilbert, A. R. A., son of the composer, as follows: His father, who now for the first time tastes the sweets of making money by his art, went with him and his grandchildren to the pantomime at Islington, made popular by Miss Lottie Collins's performance of the famous song. As the air struck up, a smile stole over the old gentleman's features. "Why, I wrote that song!" he exclaimed. When he got home he communicated with the conductor who had adapted the air for Miss Collins, and who did not for a moment claim the authorship. He had got it, he said, from America. And then Mr. Gilbert, Sr., remembered having sold some copies of the piece containing the song with the rights of performance, such as they were in the then uncopyrighted America, to an enterprising American, for a very modest cheque. Having settled the conductor, Mr. Gilbert went to Messrs. Sheard & Co., the publishers, where he found not only the shop, but the whole house crammed to the ceiling with "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" and nothing else. He stated his claims. The publisher also admitted them, and at once offered him a couple of guineas for them. He said he would consult his son, who at once said:



LOTTIE COLLINS IN "TA-RA-RA."

"You will consult Mr. Lewis, the solicitor." He did, and instead of a couple of guineas, found the publisher glad to pay a hundred pounds down and a royalty of a penny on every copy sold. Mr. Lewis further made the publisher sign a document indemnifying Mr. Gilbert against all costs of litigation that might arise.

Litigation almost immediately did arise, and the song having been performed publicly in uncopyrighted America before it had been publicly performed in England, the judge decided that there was no copyright sufficient for him to grant Messrs. Sheard an injunction forbidding other publishers from bringing out versions of the song, provided that they did not use any colorable imitation of the cover of his song, which represents Miss Collins trying to get a stiff neck by dusting her shoes with her back hair. It is estimated that Mr. Gilbert will get the best part of a thousand pounds by the sagacity of his son and Mr. Lewis.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Graphology

Twenty lines of handwriting sent care Graphological Department, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, will entitle any reader to a short sketch of psychological traits to be published in this column under any name or nom-de-plume specified. Each specimen must be signed with full name and address of applicant, and inclose heading of paper showing date line.

Eureka, Tacoma.—Is logical, clear-headed, and business-like. His self-respect is strong, his judgment excellent, and his sense of justice clear and reliable. He is truthful and candid, is moderately active, a bit egotistical, sometimes obstinate, a little quick in temper, and is thrifty, but without meanness.

Flaherty, Carmi, Ill.—Is active, ambitious, and confident. He is capable of warm affection, is good-tempered, companionable, and frank. In matters calling for the use of judgment he is reliable, and in work he is very persevering, practical, and generally efficient. Tenacity, honesty, and a literal, logical mind are his strong points.

Undecided, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are logical, candid, and somewhat ambitious. You converse fluently, but can on occasion be discreet. You have good judgment, are neat, careful, affectionate, and are a pleasant companion. Your

Believing will is not weak, but you lack energy and snap. Do not make the mistake of waiting,

Micawber-like, for an unusual opportunity; they seldom present themselves. Put your ambition and energy into the best thing at hand, concentrate yourself; that is all you need, for you are capable, trustworthy, observing, fairly practical, and possessed of good taste.

Oscar Eugene Powers, Fort Worth, Texas.—Is educated, cultivated, somewhat critical, and very painstaking. While in his hands a matter would meet with completeness, it would be the completeness of care and finish and not that success which is gained by a brilliant coup. He is neat, refined, literary in taste, possessed of considerable vanity, tenacity, and strong belief in himself.

Louis F. Ryan, New York.—Is well educated, decided, and tenacious, even sometimes to the point of obstinacy. He is energetic, but more so on some subjects than on others. Is good-tempered, though sometimes a bit variable. In matters of importance he is capable of reticence, and has an excellent sense of honor, and a fearless belief in his own intention.—No.

Personal details are not necessary to assist the art of a graphologist. It is only needful that the hand should trace the alphabetical lines and curves with fluent ease and unrestrained freedom; the wording is of no importance. It is not what is done, but the manner of its doing upon which judgment is based.

W. H. Sirrah.—Is ready and easy in speech, but yet discreet. Is refined, well-educated, active, and vivacious. She is self-possessed though somewhat impulsive, capable of sincere affection, and even some sentiment. Is truthful, companionable, possessed of some feminine vanity, and is good-tempered, although very decided and positive, and tenacious even to the point of obstinacy.

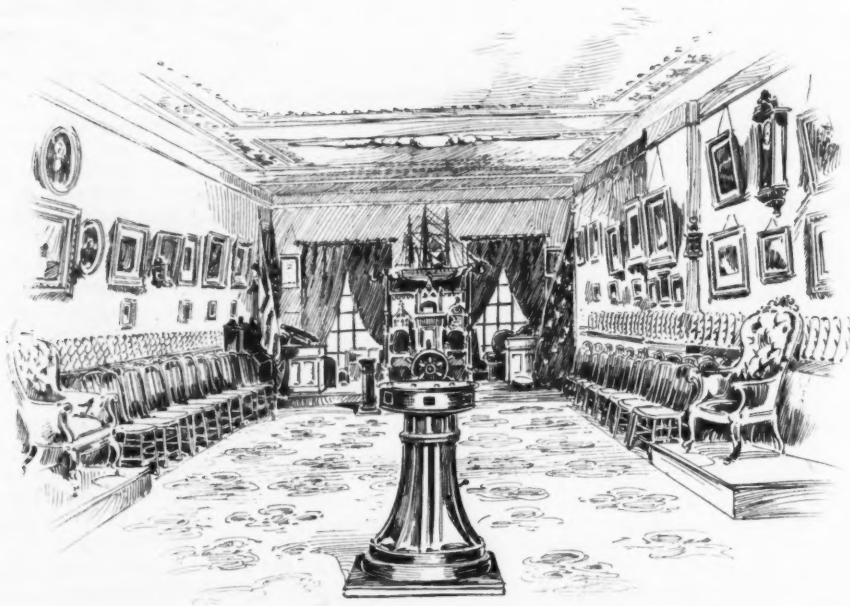
S. A. M., Thomaston, Conn.—Is persevering, good-tempered, and at times impulsively generous. He is ready in idea, rapid in work, yet careful of detail. Active industry and thrift are visible, somewhat of a habit of reflection, firmness, and a good sense of logic.

He is independent, self-appreciative, and as a rule candid and just. His temperament is warm but not incautious or uncontrolled, and he has the faculty of proving himself a good friend.

S. R. W., Kutztown, Pa.—Is confident and self-appreciative. Readiness of speech is visible, with capacity for reticence, considerable positivism, and a temper which is good, though didactic and a bit exacting.

There is also lavishness bordering on extravagance, a tenacious and persevering will, and a temperament which is variable, and, truth be told, at times a trifle selfish.

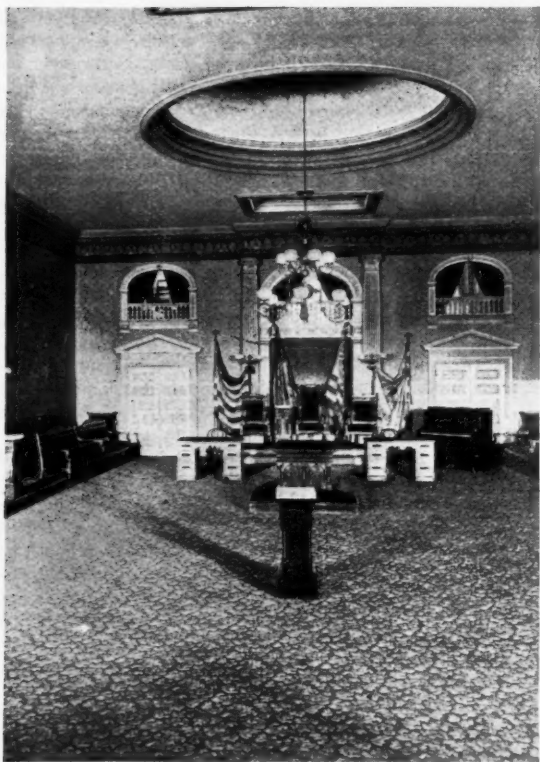
Richard P. Salm, New York.—Is active, business-like, and methodical. Neatness and care are prominent, also a faculty for exact work, firmness, and sincerity. Faithful affection may be seen in his lines, a fair measure of vanity, and careful training, for in his case good seed has not fallen upon stony ground, nor yet among thorns and thistles.



NAVAL POST NO. 400, PHILADELPHIA.



EXTERIOR OF POST 2, PHILADELPHIA.



MEETING-ROOM OF U. S. GRANT POST NO. 327, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



HEADQUARTERS OF POST 2, PHILADELPHIA.



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL LANDER POST, LYNN, MASS

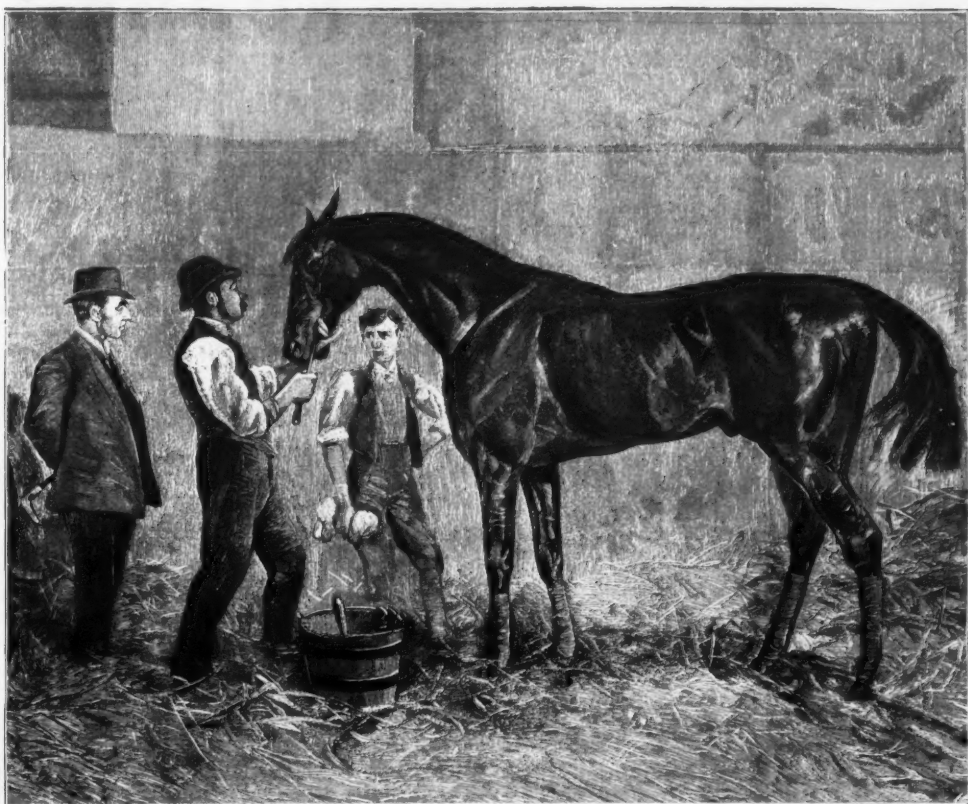


POST-ROOM AT FORT SAN MARCO, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

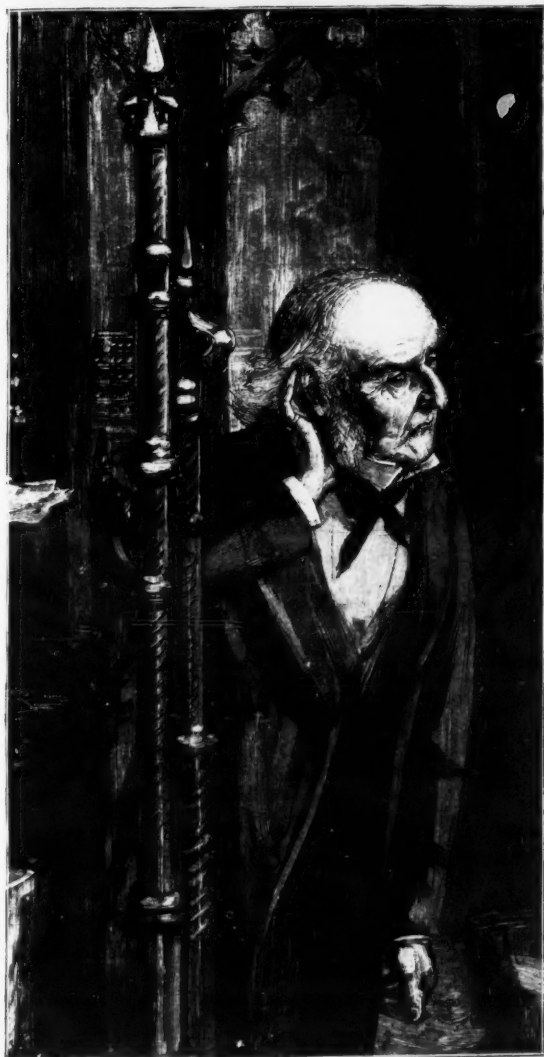
SOME REPRESENTATIVE POST-ROOMS, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—DRAWINGS BY E. J. MEEKER AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 282.]



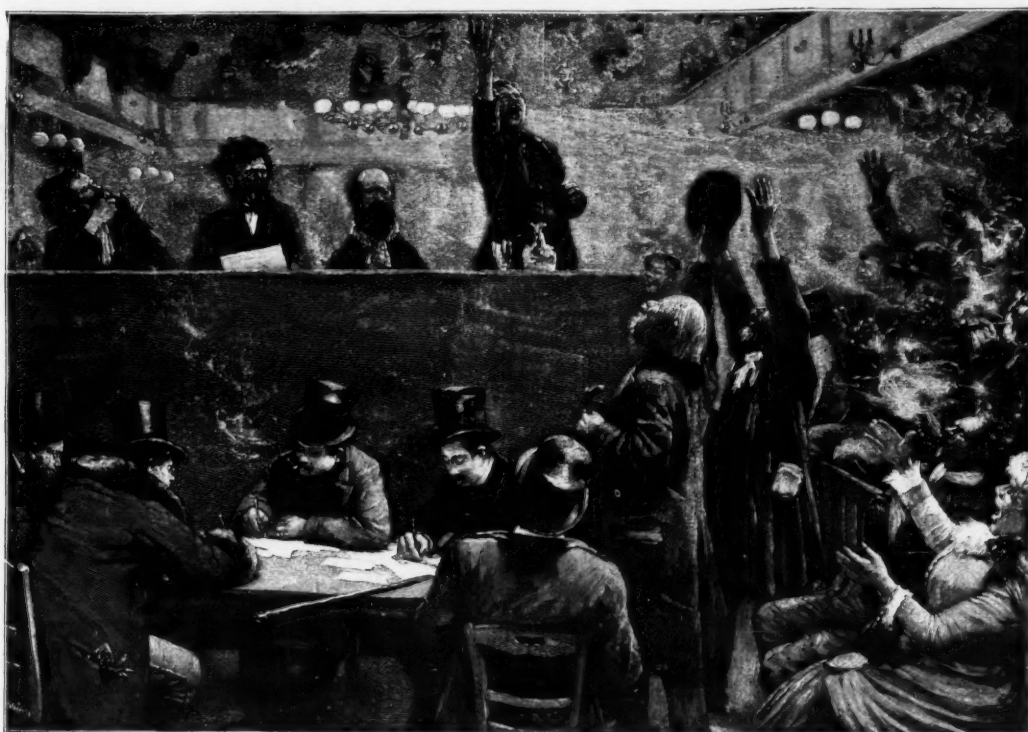
BELGIUM.—THE MANIFESTATION IN BRUSSELS ON MAY 1ST.



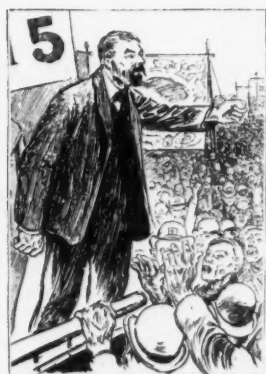
EXTRACTING A DECAYED TOOTH FROM THE MOUTH OF THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH RACE-HORSE, ORME.



MR. GLADSTONE LISTENING TO THE VOTE ON THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE BILL FROM BEHIND THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.



MEETING OF AN ANARCHIST CLUB.



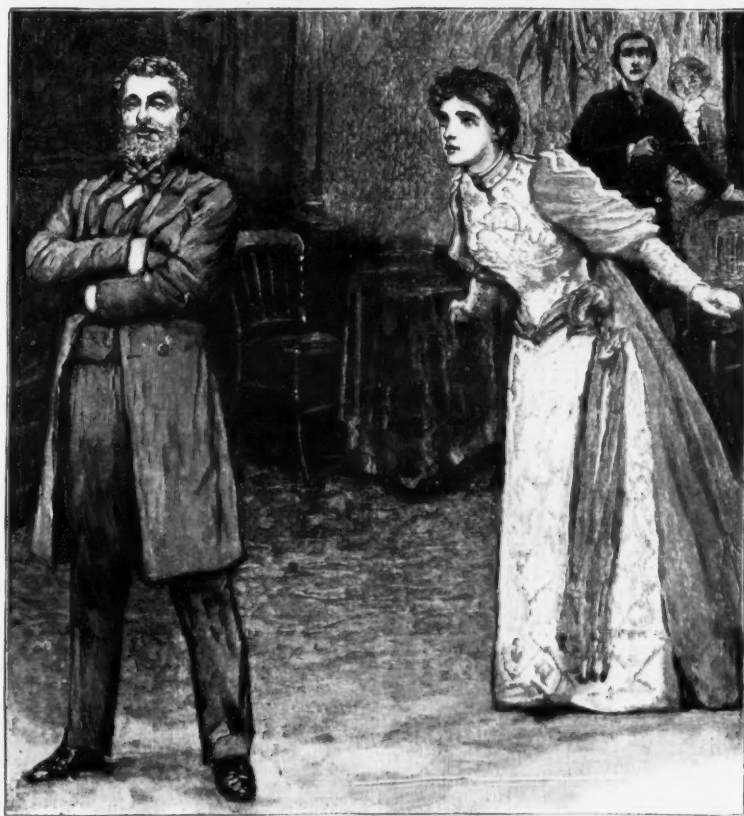
Mr. John Burns speaking.



THE MAY-DAY DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.



The Marshal.



MRS. LANGTRY IN THE PLAY "THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, LONDON.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 287.]

YE CRITIC.

"I saw you at the amateur 'Hamlet' last night. How did you like the ghost?"
 "Not a bit. He was so dreadfully unnatural."

EXCURSION TICKETS TO THE PHILADELPHIA HORSE SHOW VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Philadelphia Horse Show Association will hold its first open-air exhibition at Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, on May 30th, 31st, June 1st and 2d, 1892. This organization is composed of the leading citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity, and the names of the officers and directors, all of whom are closely identified with all movements tending to improve the breeding of fine stock, give ample guarantee of success in every particular. The prize list, which amounts to \$15,000, includes premiums for thoroughbreds, trotters, roadsters, Normans, hackneys, coaching, stallions, horses in harness, cobs, ponies, saddle horses, hunters, brood mares, as well as for tandems, four-in-hands, municipal, police, and fire horses. Entries are being made from all portions of the country, and the indications foreshadow the best and most comprehensive show of horse-flesh ever seen in this country. It will be patronized by the representatives of the best society of New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities.

The grounds, which are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station, are ample for all the purposes of the show, and the accommodations for visitors are complete.

For the benefit of visitors the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Wissahickon Heights Station, including coupon of admission, from New York at \$4.70, and at proportionate rates from other stations. The tickets will be sold May 28th, 29th, 30th, June 1st and 2d, valid for return to New York, June 6th, 1892. The principal New York trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad connect at Germantown Junction for Wissahickon Heights.

For the better accommodation of exhibitors, a special train composed of eight or ten palace stock-cars will be run from New York direct to the grounds on May 29th.

The finest train between Boston and New York is the "Springfield Line" Limited, which leaves either city at 12:00 noon, due at 5:40. It is composed entirely of drawing-room cars, and the rate is \$6.00, which includes seat in drawing-room car.

THE TOURIST. Have you seen it? Utica, N. Y.

FALSE ECONOMY

is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

The Colorado Midland Railway passes through the most interesting portion of the Rocky Mountains. If you will send \$1.25 we will mail you, postage paid, three beautiful colored photographs of scenery, or for \$1 four beautiful photographic pictures. Address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colorado.

Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Take no other.

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

CREEDE CAMP, COLORADO.

The attention of investors, speculators, and mine-owners is called to this new mining district. This camp, now eighteen months old, is to-day shipping twenty-five carloads of ore per day. It is expected that by June 1st there will be fully ten thousand people in the camp.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is the only line running trains directly to the camp. For information, rates of fare, etc., address S. K. Hooper, G. P. and T. A., Denver.

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption; which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumption—when you begin to get thin. Consumption is only one of the dangers of thinness.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver-oil makes the thin plump, and the plump are almost safe.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

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 Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

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 Incurable Cases Declined.
 Examination free by mail.
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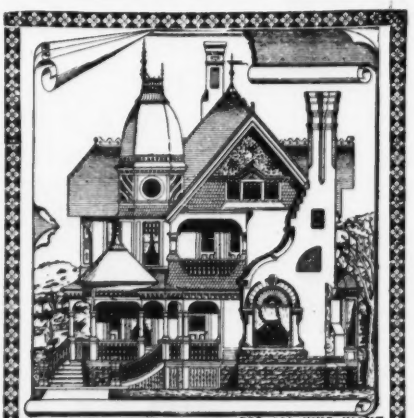
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One-third Less than Last Week's Prices.

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"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

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"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Riehl, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

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"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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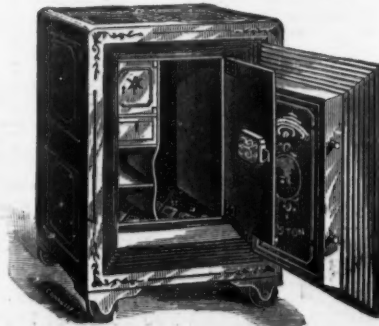
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